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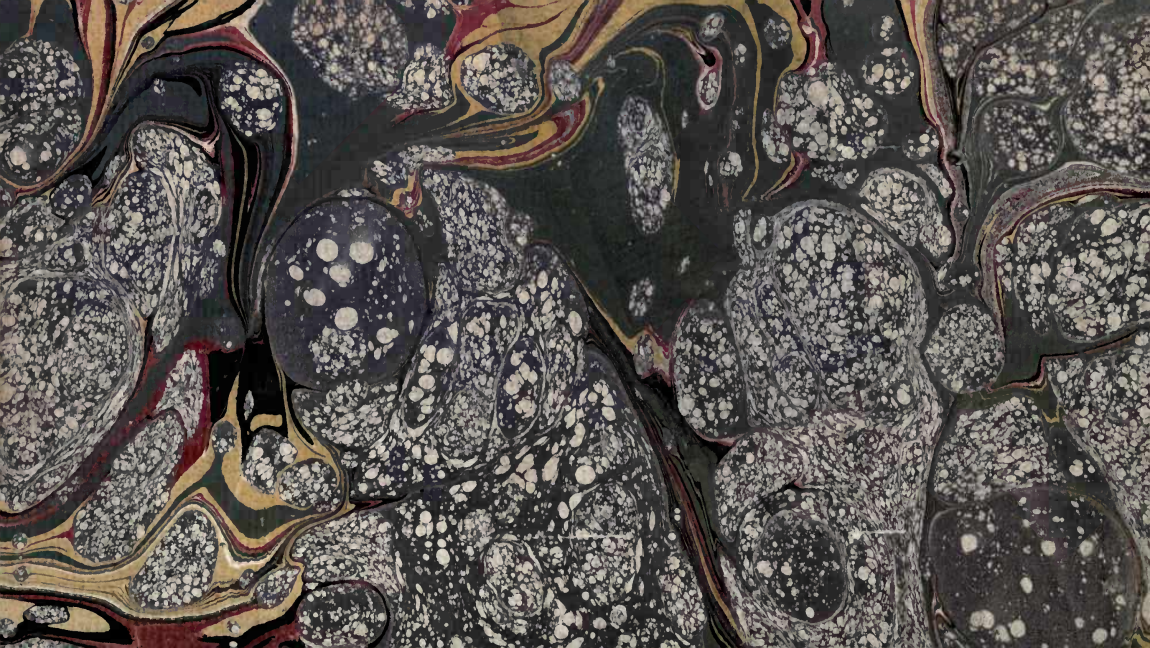

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN NINE VOLUMES, COMPLETE.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

LONDON:

[illegible]

1797.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

EIGHTH VOLUME.

[*The Articles marked thus* † *were not inserted in* Dr. WARBURTON's Edition.]

LETTERS to and from EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER

Page

I. OF the Geography of Homer, a map done by the Author. The ſtate of the times: The ſiege of Barcelona, the Queen's death, the condition of the Engliſh Roman-Catholics: Wiſhes for the peace of the nation - 3

II. From Mr. Blount. Anſwer to the former. His temper in religion and politics - 6

III. From Mr. Blount. His diſpoſition to quiet; reflections on the affair of Preſton: An invitation into the country - - 9

IV. An account of the death of Mr. Wycherley 11

V. Contemplations on the pleaſures of ſeparate Spirits, on the narrow conceptions of men, the vanity of human knowledge, the variety of opinions in religion, and the great duty of charity 13

LETTER Page

VI. Conſolations under perſecution: The duty of mutual aſſiſtance: Univerſal Charity. The Author leaving Windſor-Foreſt - 16

VII. From Mr. Blount - - 20

VIII. After the affair of Preſton. The Author's removal, change of life, and reſignation to it 22

IX. To Mr. Blount, after his retirement into Flanders. On the Hiſtory of Jeffery of Monmouth, etc. - - 24

X. On the death of the Author's father - 26

XI. To Mr. Blount - - 28

XII. On Mr. Blount's recovery from an illneſs: Advice to ſell his eſtate - - 30

XIII. Of his manner of life in the country, and of the author's near the town - 32

XIV. A deſcription of a grotto - - 34

XV. On the approach of winter, hoſpitality, and a cheerful family - - 38

LETTERS to and from the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1724.

LETTER

I. After a fit of ſickneſs. Of the tragedy of Gorboduc. The Author's progreſs in tranſlating Homer's Iliad - - 41

II. Excuſe for writing careleſsly: The humour of the Town - - 44

III. From Mr. Digby. Anſwer to the former 46

IV. On

LETTER		Page
IV.	On the finiſhing his Tranſlation of the Iliad. His ſituation at Twickenham, Planting. The death of a friend - -	47
V.	From Mr. Digby. Anſwer to the former	50
VI.	From Mr. Digby. On the South-ſea-year	52
VII.	Anſwer to the former - -	53
VIII.	From Mr. Digby. On the ſame ſubject	55
IX.	† From the Same - -	56
X.	Character of Dr. Arbuthnot and his brother. Death of a friend - -	57
XI.	Character of the Digby Family -	59
XII.	Lord Bathurſt's Wood; the camp in Hyde-Park; the Biſhop of Rocheſter's converſation - - -	61
XIII.	A Winter-invitation to a fire-ſide -	63
XIV.	From Mr. Digby. A Letter of friendſhip: The diſadvantages of an ill conſtitution. Conſolation in friends of integrity. Their manner of life in the country preferred to that in the town - -	65
XV.	On the ſame ſubject - -	68
XVI.	† On Lord B * 's improvements -	71
XVII.	On the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas: Cuſtoms of hoſpitality: Charity and good works, where they are yet ſubſiſting -	73
XVIII.	To the Hon. Edward Digby, on his brother's death - - -	75

LETTERS to and from Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

From 1716 to 1723.

LETTER		Page
I.	From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Concerning Mr. Pope's general Preface to his Works	77
II.	From the Same	79
III.	From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On occaſion of the death of Mr. Pope's father	80
IV.	The Anſwer	82
V.	On the fate of the South-Sea	86
VI.	From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Of Mr. Dryden's monument: The Arabian Tales: The South-Sea ſcheme	88
VII.	From the Same. On a manuſcript of Huetius, and the Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt	93
VIII.	From the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, on the epitaph of his ſon	95
IX.	From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On his ill health. Waller's verſes on ſickneſs. Mr. Prior's funeral	97
X.	From the Same. His love of the country. A paſſage in Tully. Of Shakeſpeare, and the publication of Mr. Addiſon's works	100
XI.	To the Biſhop of Rocheſter	103
XII.	From the Biſhop. On a character drawn by the Author	104
XIII.	To the Biſhop in the country: Wiſhes for his quiet	105
XIV.	From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, his deſire of quiet, and love of books	107
XV.	An invitation to Twickenham: The vanity and emptineſs of the world	108
XVI.	From	

LETTER Page

XVI. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. An anſwer to the former. His diſlike of great men: Preparation for his burial-place in Weſtminſter-Abbey - - 111

XVII. From the Same, on the ſame ſubject. The ſtate of his mind, and the world's miſtake of his character - - 113

XVIII. From the Same. More concerning men of Quality. Of Milton's manuſcript, and Agoniſtes - - - 115

XIX. The Duke of Marlborough's funeral. The Author's reſolution to keep clear of flattery 117

XX. From the Biſhop. Anſwer to the former. Application of ſome verſes of Horace to the Duke of Marlborough's funeral 120

XXI. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter in the Tower 123

XXII. The Anſwer - - - 125

XXIII. The Author's laſt letter to the Biſhop of Rocheſter - - - 128

XXIV. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter - 133

XXV. On the Death of his Daughter - 138

LETTERS to and from Mr. GAY, etc.

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER

I. The Author's opinion of Mr. Gay's merit and modeſty - - - 143

II. His deſire to do him ſervice, and advice as to the ſtudy of Poetry - - 144

III. Concerning painting; Mr. Gay's poem of the Fan - - - 146

LETTER Page

IV. To Mr. Gay on his return from Hanover after the Queen's death. Advice about Politics 148

V. After the death of the Author's father, and the ſale of his eſtate. Mr. Gay's poem to Mr. Lowndes, and his expectations at court 150

VI. From Mr. Gay to Mr. F. on the remarkable death of two lovers by lightning, with their epitaph - - - 153

VII. To Mr. Gay at Bath; the commitment of the Biſhop of Rocheſter to the Tower 157

VIII. Of diſappointments from great men: Friends commemorated - - 158

IX. Aſſurances of remembrance in abſence 160

X. To Mr. Gay in a dangerous ſickneſs 161

XI. † To the Same - - 163

XII. † To the Same - - 164

XIII. On his recovery, and Mr. Congreve's death 165

XIV. To the Hon. Mrs. —— - 167

XV. Excuſe for not writing. Of Mr. Fenton's death 168

XVI. A congratulation to Mr. Gay, on the end of his expectations at court. The innocence of a private life, and the happineſs of independency - - 171

XVII. From Mr. Gay, in the country. Thoughts of buying a farm, and about the Dunciad 173

XVIII. To Mr. Gay, in the country. Wiſhes to ſerve him - - - 175

XIX. Complaints of his abſence, and ſome envy at his ſituation - - 177

XX. The Author more and more inclined to retirement - - - 179

XXI. More of the ſame. Concern for his friend's abſence, affection to his perſon, and wiſhes for his happineſs - - 180

XXII. De-

LETTER Page

XXII. Deſiring him to return to town, and reſume the ſtudy of Poetry. The ſtate of wit at that time - - 182

XXIII. On the ſame ſubject. The death of Wilks the player: Verſes on the Hermitage at Richmond, etc. - - 185

XXIV. From Mr. Gay. His ill ſtate of health. His opinion of writing Panegyric 187

XXV. From Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay - 189

XXVI. Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington 193

XXVII. To Mrs. B *. The Author's bad health, complaints of abſence, and ſome advice to his friend - - 195

XXVIII. To the Same. On the death of Mr. Gay, his mother's illneſs, and other melancholy incidents - - - 198

XXIX. † Mr. Pope to Mr. Chriſtopher Pitt. Tranſlation of Vida's Poetick. Denies any concern in the reviewing or recommending Lintot's Miſcellany - 200

XXX. To Hugh Bethel, Eſq. Praiſe of humanity and good-nature. The benefits of equality in friendſhip - - 202

XXXI. To the Same. On the death of the Earl of C—— - - - 204

XXXII. On his mother's recovery: The melancholy offices of friends. A proſpect of the Town upon the death of the King 206

XXXIII. On the publiſhing his Letters. The ſituation of the Author, his pleaſures and his friendſhips - - 208

XXXIV. To the Earl of Peterborow. His love of gardening. Reflections on Titles. Dearth of news - - - 211

XXXV. From

LETTER Page

XXXV. From the Earl of Peterborow. Stowe-Gardens: Temper of Women: His love of lazineſs, and the reaſon 214

XXXVI. Anſwer to the former - 216

XXXVII. From the Earl of Peterborow. His diſlike of coming to town: The Charitable Corporation. More concerning Women 218

XXXVIII. From the Earl of Peterborow from his Garden: His idea of the Golden Age, and unwillingneſs to come to town 220

XXXIX. From the Same. Deſire to ſee Dr. Swift. Alteration in his paſſions, and from whence - - - 221

XL. From Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow 224

XLI. To * * * *. A conſultation about deſigning a garden: Various opinions, and ſome general reflections - 226

XLII. To Mr. C—— expoſtulatory on the hardſhips done an unhappy lady, etc. 229

XLIII. To Mr. Richardſon - - 232

XLIV. To the Same; after Mrs. Pope's death 233

XLV. To the Same - - 235

XLVI. † To the Same - - 237

XLVII. To Mr. Bethel, concerning the Eſſay on Man, etc. - - 238

XLVIII. To Mrs. B. Concern for the loſs of friends 240

XLIX. From Dr. Arbuthnot in his laſt ſickneſs. His dying requeſt to the Author 242

L. The Anſwer - - 244

LI. † Mr. Mallet to Lord Bolingbroke, on Dr. Warburton's Edition of Pope, in nine volumes - - 248

LII. † Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope. On the Three Hours after Marriage - 250

Letter		Page
LIII.	† To * * * *. Deſcription of Blenheim	251
LIV.	† Mr. Pope to Lord Oxford -	253
LV.	† To the Same - -	254
LVI.	† To the Same - -	256
LVII.	† To John Vandr. Bempden, Eſq.	257
LVIII.	† To Mr. Jervas - -	258
LIX.	† To Jabez Hughes, Eſq. -	260
LX.	† To Mr. Dennis - -	ibid.
LXI.	† To his Father - -	261
LXII.	† To the Same - -	262
LXIII.	† To his Brother - -	ibid.
LXIV.	† To his Siſter - -	263
LXV.	† From Mr. Blount -	264
LXVI.	† To Mr. Gay - -	ibid.
LXVII.	† To the Same - -	266
LXVIII.	† From his Mother -	267
LXIX.	† From Mr. Tonſon -	268
LXX.	† From the Same - -	269
LXXI.	† From the Same - -	ibid.
LXXII.	† From the Same - -	270
LXXIII.	† To Mr. Lintot - -	271
LXXIV.	† From Mr. Lintot - -	ibid.
LXXV.	† From the Same - -	272
LXXVI.	† Mr. Steel to Mr. Lintot -	274
LXXVII.	† Mr. Fenton to Mr. Lintot -	275
LXXVIII.	† From Mr. Fenton -	276
LXXIX.	† From Mr. Wycherley -	277
LXXX.	† From Mr. Trumbull -	278
LXXXI.	† From Mr. Walſh - -	279
LXXXII.	† From Mr. Steel - -	ibid.
LXXXIII.	† From the Same - -	280
LXXXIV.	† From	

Letter		Page
LXXXIV.	† From Mr. Rowe - -	280
LXXXV.	† From Mr. Caryll - -	281
LXXXVI.	† From the Same - -	282
LXXXVII.	† From Mr. Hughes -	283
LXXXVIII.	† From Mr. Craggs -	284
LXXXIX.	† Fragment of a Letter from Mr. Evans	285
XC.	† From the Same - -	286
XCI.	† From Mr. Congreve -	287
XCII.	† From the Same - -	ibid.
XCIII.	† From Dr. Young - -	288
XCIV.	† Lord Peterborow to Mr. Pope	289
XCV.	† Sir Godfrey Kneller to Mr. Pope	ibid.
XCVI.	† From the Same - -	290
XCVII.	† From the Same - -	ibid.
XCVIII.	† From the Same - -	291
XCIX.	† Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope -	292
C.	† From the Same - -	293
CI.	† From the Same - -	294
CII.	† From the Same - -	295
CIII.	† From the Same - -	296
CIV.	† From * * * * - -	298
CV.	† From Mr. Pitt, the Tranſlator of Virgil, to Mr. Spence, with a Specimen of the Tranſlation of the 23d Odyſſey -	299
CVI.	† Mr. Pope to Dr. Parnelle, complaining of his Letters not having been anſwered - -	301
CVII.	† To the Same. Earneſtly intreating his return from Ireland -	303
CVIII.	† To the Same. Reſpecting the publication of Zoilus and ſeveral of Parnelle's Poems; intention of publiſhing an entire collection of Madrigals	305

CIX. † From

LETTER Page
CIX. † From Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Pope, on the ſame ſubject 308
CX. † To the Same, from Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay. On the ſame ſubject 311

LETTERS to AARON HILL, Eſq.

LETTER
I. † Mr. Pope to Aaron Hill, Eſq. On the ſubject of a new play - 315
II. † On the ſame ſubject - - 317
III. † On the ſubject of his calumniators 319
IV. † On the ſame ſubject - - 320
V. † On the correction of a poem tranſmitted by Mr. Hill - - - 326
VI. † On the ſame ſubject - - 327
VII. † On the ſame ſubject. Approving the Dedication to Mr. Hill's Poem - 329
VIII. † On the ſubject of the Poem - 330
IX. † To the ſame, with ſome lines written by Mr. Pope from the bed-ſide of his mother, during her laſt illneſs - - 331
X. † Declining writing an epilogue to Mr. Hill's play - - - 333
XI. † Deſiring the play to be ſent to the Counteſs of Suffolk - - - 334
XII. † Propoſing to attend with Lord Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, and others, at the firſt repreſentation - - 336
XIII. † Remarks on the performance and actors ibid.

LETTER Page

XIV. † Obſervations on the unfavourable reception of the play - - 338

XV. † To the Same, acknowledging the receipt of the Tranſlation of Voltaire - 340

XVI. † To the Same, acknowledging the receipt of ſome Verſes - - 341

XVII. † To the Same - - 342

XVIII. † To the Same - - 344

XIX. † To the Same. Mr. Pope's opinion of the Tragedy of Cæſar - - 346

XX. † On the ſame ſubject - - 347

XXI. † To the Same - - 350

XXII. † To the Same - - 351

XXIII. † To the Same - - 353

XXIV. † To the Same, in anſwer to an attack on Mr. Pope in a Paper of Verſes in a public Journal, on account of ſome lines in the Dunciad complained of by Mr. Hill 354

XXV. † Mr. Hill to Mr. Pope, in anſwer to the preceding Letter - - 357

LETTERS to Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

LETTER

I. † Mr. Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Account of a melancholy accident of two lovers who were ſtruck dead by lightning on a haycock in which they had endeavoured to ſcreen themſelves from the ſtorm,

LETTER Page

and who were buried in one grave in the parish of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire; with the Epitaph for their monument 363

II. † To the Same. Expressing his attachment, anxiety for her return, and approbation of her Eclogues, etc. - - 368

III. † To the Same. Observations on her intended journey through Italy, Germany, Turkey, etc. - - - 373

IV. † To the Same. Acknowledging the receipt of her Letters, and professing invariable friendship and esteem - - 378

V. † To the Same. On the subject of her journey 382

VI. † To the Same. Further proofs of his attachment and regard, in answer to some Letters descriptive of her tour - 388

VII. † To the Same, after a severe illness. Death of his Father. Requesting her to send him a Circassian woman, the model of herself. - - - 391

VIII. † To the Same. His joy on her return to England. Anxiety to meet her. Description of an ancient country-seat - 395

IX. † To the Same - - - 401

X. † To the Same. On drawing her Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller - 403

XI. † To the Same - - 404

XII. † To the Same. Supposing that several of his Letters had miscarried; and complaining of his eye-sight being so bad that he had dropt all other correspondence. Transmitting the third Volume of the Iliad, and some other things, to Mr. Wortley 405

XIII. † To

LETTER Page
XIII. † To the Same. Expreſſing his regret at her intention of leaving England, and ſtating his indiſpoſition at the time 410

The Character of KATHERINE late Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby - 415

LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

Auguſt 27, 1714.

WHATEVER ſtudies on the one hand, or amuſements on the other, it ſhall be my fortune to fall into, I ſhall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The taſk I undertook [a], though of weight enough in itſelf, has had a voluntary increaſe by the enlarging my deſign of the Notes; and the neceſſity of conſulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford: But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers * in their Maps of old Greece,

[a] The Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad. P.

* The learned and entertaining Mr. *Wood*, in his diſcourſe on the *original* genius of Homer, cenſures the inaccuracies of this

Greece, ſince I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that, were my epiſtles intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raze another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, Thus far ſhalt thou advance and no further [b]. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country Juſtice [c]. To diſarm me indeed may be but prudential, conſidering what armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice; a hundred thouſand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be

Map which Pope himſelf drew to be prefixed to his Homer. Among other things, he ſays, "that ſo capital an error, for inſtance, as that of diſcharging the *Scamander* into the *Ægean* Sea, inſtead of the *Helleſpont*, is a ſtriking ſpecimen of the careleſs, and ſuperficial manner, in which this matter has been treated." And he adds, "the tranſlator is as inconſiſtent, ſometimes, with his own incorrect Map, as both he and his Map are with the real ſituation of the ground." Theſe remarks are more valuable, becauſe they were made by an accurate obſerver, on the ſpot, with Homer in his hand.

[b] This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad. P.

[c] Some of the Laws were, at this time, put in force againſt the Papiſts. W.

be as formidable as four thouſand Prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as, they ſay, the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay who am a Papiſt, and ſay to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that People ſo greatly warmed with a ſenſe of Liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much bravery, and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon other men's. I thank God, that, as for myſelf, I am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy. Common charity of man to man, and univerſal good-will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; and I am ſure, thoſe are not to be broken for the ſake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the beſt, and what I more wiſh than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the diviſions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at leaſt hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to

ſay, that want of power itſelf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am ſure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the ſpirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that ſpirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with ſo wicked a ſpirit as that of Perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments * of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change; I find myſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own, heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my Country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, etc.

LETTTER II.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation

* Theſe liberal and candid ſentiments do honour to his temper and judgment.

ſituation of his Heroes' kingdoms; it will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly ſee you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and Zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man, that pretends to get to Heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word): I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris

about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady.

Tantum Religio potuit, *etc.*

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no further, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my Country; and my morals and politics teach to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor Papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confeſs, that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and I am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the North! what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we uſed to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our Country,

Country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus*: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity,

Your, etc.

* Is the character of a man ſo cold and indifferent to the ſtate of public affairs, patriæ tempore iniquo, as was Atticus, deſerving the praiſes beſtowed on him?

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, Matrimony is placed after Extreme unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he

expired, he called his young wife to the bedſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only "this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that talent which we call Humour*: Mr. Wycherley ſhewed his, even in this laſt compliment: though I think his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he bar her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy terms?

So trivial as theſe circumſtances are, I ſhould not be diſpleaſed myſelf to know ſuch trifles, when they concern or characteriſe any eminent perſon. The wiſeſt and wittieſt of men are ſeldom wiſer or wittier than others in theſe ſober moments: At leaſt, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: And Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

I am, etc.

* An obſervation founded on a deep knowledge of human nature.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM juſt returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſſed a week in the Foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn* entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks

* During this viſit, it is ſaid, that Pope deſired him to write a Tragedy on the Death of Charles the Firſt; which he declined, on account of the recency of the event, and the ſtate of parties in this country. At the ſame time, alſo, Pope recommended to him, as another good ſubject for the Drama, the Story of Mary Queen of Scots; "Which, if I undertake," ſaid Rowe, "I will by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; for where ſhe appears, all the Queens and Heroines upon earth will make but a little figure." He preferred, and I think injudiciouſly, his Tragedy of Tamerlane to all his other pieces. As *Bajazet* was intended to repreſent Louis XIV. this play was not permitted to be acted, during the latter part of Queen Ann's reign, though conſtantly applauded and called for, till 1710. It is truly mortifying to hear it ſaid, that a man of ſo gentle, engaging, and tender a diſpoſition, had no heart, and no ſincerity in his friendſhips; and that even Addiſon held this unfavourable opinion of him.

walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a noble kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company is Mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcience and ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourſelves are mere groping in the dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this ſolicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futurity. It is not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the ſtate of ſouls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own ſtate happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears, (though now

and

and then they toſs their heads as if they were proud of them,) only to jog on, a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of Friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like theſe which I diſcovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman Catholic Religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world [d]. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould

[d] This was an opinion taken up by the old Philoſophers, as the laſt ſupport of Paganiſm againſt Chriſtianity: And the Miſſionaries,

ſhould no more make good Inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people

aries, to both the Indies, tell us, it is the firſt anſwer modern barbarians give to the offer made them of the Goſpel. But Chriſtians might ſee that the notion is not only *improbable*, but impoſſible to be true, if the redemption of mankind was purchaſed by the death of Jeſus, which is the goſpel-idea of his Religion. Nor is there any need of this opinion to diſcredit perſecution. For the iniquity of that practice does not ariſe from reſtraining what God permits or delights in, but from uſurping a juriſdiction over conſcience, which belongs only to his tribunal. W.

people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaities on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſhed conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſſed, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: for the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſolations in a calamity of ſo much glory, one might ſay, that to be ruined thus in the groſs, with a whole people, is but like periſhing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppreſſed as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſſed. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counſel, by our countenance, and even by our chearfulneſs. The misfortunes of private families, the miſunderſtandings of people whom diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the coldneſs of relations whom change of religion may diſunite, or the neceſſities of half ruined eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoftened in ſome degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourſelves; if all thoſe who have your principles of belief, had alſo your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed moſt of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended that they who want ſenſe, are only religious through weakneſs, and good-natured through ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in eſſentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed, conſcientious French refugee at this inſtant: what muſt my concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxieties now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a place in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe faces, which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and

what

what others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for ſo many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of life ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, late of —. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own, ſo I earneſtly wiſh that whatever part they muſt bear, may be rendered as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good, or generous: I find by a letter of your Lady's (which I have ſeen) that their eaſe and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is ſome fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windſor-Foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hanged do their fellow-priſoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. D* with tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with

lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be removed himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſhamed of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well, and, if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of ſatisfaction, in the midſt of a very dark and cloudy ſituation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes muſt either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically ſpeaking, I ſhould lament the loſs Windſor-Foreſt and you ſuſtain of each other, but that methinks, one can't ſay you are parted, becauſe you will live by and in one another, while verſe is verſe. This conſideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, ſince you have the pleaſure of the

the proſpect whenever you take it from your ſhelf, and at the ſame time the ſolid caſh you ſold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in thoſe days, and which will make every place eaſy to you. I for my part am not ſo happy; my *parva rura* are faſtened to me, ſo that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of ſubſiſtence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* ſupportable to me; it is what I am reſolved on, with my *Penates*. If therefore you aſk me, to whom you ſhall complain? I will exhort you to leave lazineſs and the elms of St. James's Park, and chooſe to join the other two propoſals in one, ſafety and friendſhip, (the leaſt of which is a good motive for moſt things, as the other is for almoſt every thing,) and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paultry conſtables ſummon us to veſtries.

The future epiſtle you flatter me with, will find me ſtill here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reaſons to make me regret my home will be, that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſaying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requieſcere noctem,

which would have rendered this place more agreeable than ever elſe it could be to me; for I proteſt, it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether it is a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs, and reſentment of modern War-makers[e], which are likely to prove (to ſome people at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my ſcene of life, from Windſor-Foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of the grand Era's of my days, and may be called a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſtage of life to another, with ſo much tranquillity, ſo eaſy a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am become ſo truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expreſſion) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amuſements paſt are not more like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at leaſt

[e] This was written in the year of the affair at Preſton. P.

leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkneſs helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours, but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philoſophical, or religious (which ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take); and indeed the world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natured. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleaſed than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort, greater fools, than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor Papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix prophane with ſacred hiſtory, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth, (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden,) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man* is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe thoſe of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I ſhall be very

* Pope gave to this clergyman the following lines, being a tranſlation of a prayer of Brutus, which ought to be preſerved:

Goddeſs of woods, tremendous in the chace,
To mountain wolves and all the ſavage race,
Wide o'er th' aërial vault extend thy ſway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; diſcloſe our fate,
In what new ſtation ſhall we fix our ſeat?
When ſhall we next thy hallow'd altars raiſe,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praiſe?

very well prepared to tranſlate, with belief and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's Horſe.

You will excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe which prevents a ſheet full of compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is falſe) than that I have a conſtant affection for you, and am, etc.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks*, in the zeal you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt, though your Couſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday) ſays, there is no other difference in the Chriſtians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Chriſtians, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare war againſt Spain, or Spain declare it againſt the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of Fathers.

He had lived in ſuch a courſe of Temperance as was enough to make the longeſt life agreable to him, and

* At which General Oglethorpe was preſent, and of which I have heard him give a lively deſcription.

and in ſuch a courſe of Piety as ſufficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, etc.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir Chriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods; with a veneration mixed with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements, which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "remem- "bered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and

begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If Piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for, I ſee, one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I wiſh I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in ſaying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to diſcharge the part of a friend; I aſſure you, I like them all ſo well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and conſequently them mine. I ſtill ſee them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down and trip up the ſteepeſt ſlopes of my mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you, and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life, at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwered and acknowledged. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publiſhed by P. Coſte*, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will ſoon be "over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which "is to laſt you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man ſomewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune ſaid one day to me. "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; "I am a poor individual; no creature to wiſh, or to "fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only rea- "ſon I have to repent being a ſingle man; now I "grow

* Who gave the beſt edition of Montaigne in 4to ever publiſhed. He was for ſome time a preceptor to the Earl of Shaftſbury.

" grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and with-
" out young trees to grow round me, for company
" and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards except the gout. Pray come and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the Scripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton.

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bonds,
> And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane: The ounce,
> The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
> Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks.

But, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes* of his ſhould be applied to a man ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think, it may have ſome reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace of ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did theſe creatures, till we can ſhake it looſe, at leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: Let Mrs. Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento*,

* One of the few paſſages he has ever quoted with approbation from Milton.

Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's, etc. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brighteſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the gaieſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

You may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than myſelf, or more the ſincere well-wiſher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good-will.

> They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
> And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an Aſſembly: And the whiſtling of the wind better muſic to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the ſpleenful,

ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeaſed, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are baniſhed from us! but happier they, who can baniſh themſelves; or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You will wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of Hell!

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chriſtian Biſhop*, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promiſed to write to you as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on

* Atterbury.

on this as the firſt day I have been myſelf, and paſs over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: But He knows, I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes ſuch of an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

You ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturbed, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which

falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames*, you ſee through my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto†, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an

* I wiſh he had made a full deſcription of his garden and grounds, as Horace has done in his ſixteenth Epiſtle. The Abbé Cap. de Chaupy has written a long diſſertation concerning the ſpot where the Villa of Horace ſtood, which he fixes in the Valley of Licenza, belonging to the Prince Borgheſe, fourteen miles from Tivoli and five from Vico Varo.

† Dr. Johnſon, who had no taſte for rural ſcenes, nor knowledge of laying out grounds, ſpeaks with an unreaſonable contempt of this romantic grotto, and of the pains taken to embelliſh it. This is a clear and picturesque deſcription of this celebrated ſpot. Our Poet's good taſte in gardening was unqueſtionable. "For the honour of this art," Lord Bacon ſays, "a man ſhall ever ſee, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build ſtately, ſooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."

an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth ſtones, full of light, and open; the other towards the Garden ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to compleat it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
*Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſive lavace, tace**.

Nymph

* The ſimplicity of this ancient inſcription is indeed eminently beautiful; ſo alſo is the following imitation of it by a late writer of true taſte, and lover of the ancients:

SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

Hic ſtans vertice montium ſupremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno deſuper, uberemque ſylvam.
Quod ſi purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te deſiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin ſi fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

Our

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription*, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

I am, etc.

Our author wrote the following lines on a grotto adorned with ſhell-work, at Crux Eaſton, Hants, which ought to be preſerved:

Here ſhunning idleneſs at once and praiſe,
This radiant pile nine rural ſiſters raiſe;
The glitt'ring emblem of each ſpotleſs dame,
Clear as her ſoul, and ſhining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And ſuch a poliſh as diſgraces Art;
But Fate diſpos'd them in this humble ſort,
And hid in deſarts what wou'd charm a court.

* I ſhall here inſert two Letters to Sir Hans Sloane, on the ornaments of this grotto.

To Sir HANS SLOANE.

SIR, Twickenham, March 30, 1742.

I am extremely obliged to you for your intended kindneſs of furniſhing my grotto with that ſurprizing natural curioſity, which indeed I have ardently ſought ſome time. But I would much rather part with every thing of this ſort, which I have collected, than deprive your moſt copious collection of one thing that may be wanting to it. If you can ſpare it, I ſhall be doubly pleaſed, in having it, and in owing it to you.

The further favour you offer me, of a review of your curioſities, deſerves my acknowledgment. Could I hope that among the minerals and foſſils which I have gathered, there was any thing

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be aſhamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more aſhamed to tell a lye, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lye (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lye

you could like, it would be eſteemed an obligation (if you have time as the ſeaſon improves) to look upon them and command any. I ſhall take the firſt favourable opportunity to inquire when it may be leaſt inconvenient to wait on you, which will be a true ſatisfaction to, SIR,

Your moſt obliged,
and moſt humble Servant,
A. POPE.

To Sir HANS SLOANE.

SIR, Twickenham, May 22, 1742.

I have many true thanks to pay you, for the two joints of the giant's cauſeway, which I found yeſterday at my return to Twitnam, perfectly ſafe and entire. They will be a great ornament to my grotto, which conſiſts wholly of natural productions, owing nothing to the chiſſel or poliſh; and which it would be much my ambition to entice you one day to look upon. I will firſt wait on you at Chelſea, and embrace with great pleaſure the ſatisfaction you can better than any man afford me, of ſo extenſive a view of Nature, in her moſt curious works. I am, with all reſpect,

SIR, Your moſt obliged,
and moſt humble Servant,
A. POPE.

a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out, by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing that I have not enough conſidered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſaical ſcene among groves and gardens; but at this ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, turned out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtored, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at greatneſs, merry over a Chriſtmas-fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to deſire to ſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which even their mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not, however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may riſe up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that, I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man; next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my companions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo as not again to leave us: diſcharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets ſay, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the ſons of the earth, your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſhed in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following Year, 1726. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1727.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleaſed myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your [a] phyſicians. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions: as they think our Doctors aſſes to them, we'll think them aſſes to our Doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt

[a] Aſſes. W.

I almoſt take it ill Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſixpence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean: ſo I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you ſhall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wdarton* forced me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſkindneſs: in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc

* The perſon here mentioned was my father, a Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterwards Profeſſor of Poetry; who was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, of whoſe piety and goodneſs of heart, he uſed to relate many inſtances. *Gorboduc* was the firſt drama in our language that was like a regular tragedy. It was firſt exhibited in the Hall of the Temple, and afterwards before Q. Elizabeth, 1561. It was written by Th. Sackville, Lord Buckhurſt; the original contriver of the *Mirror* of *Magiſtrates*. He was aſſiſted in it by Thomas, a tranſlator of ſome of the Pſalms. Mr. Spence, who ſucceeded my father as Profeſſor of Poetry at Oxford, printed an edition of Gorboduc, from this very Copy of Pope, 1736, with a dedication to his friend Lord Middleſex; a man of taſte, and deſcendant of Lord Buckhurſt. From this Letter of Pope it appears how little at that time was known of our ancient poets. For a full account of Gorbuduc, ſee the *Hiſtory* of Engliſh poetry, vol. 3. page 536, by my brother Mr. Thomas Wdarton.

boduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe, of Gorboduc *.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant theſe two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expreſſed how heartily I wiſh the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, etc.

* I have been informed by Lord Macartney, that he had ſeen a Letter from this Lord Treaſurer Buckhurſt to Queen Elizabeth repreſenting the great inconvenience and diſtance of his houſe at Buckhurſt, forty miles from London, through ſtrange, uncouth ways, and requeſting a grant of Knowle, as being nearer town, and conſequently more convenient to him for the duty of his office. So little communication was there, from place to place at that time.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

To convince you how little pain I give myſelf in correſponding with men of good-nature and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till a time, when another man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs, pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over: you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the moſt we can hope is to be heard juſt with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at! there indeed we ſtare,

and

and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſſed, that men, women, and children hiſs them out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before: talks, without any manner of ſhame, of good books, and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror *. I rejoiced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette, which gives me ſome hope that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you would keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they cannot attain to.

I am, etc.

* *Cibber* always inſiſted, that this comedy, founded on the admirable *Tartuffe* of *Moliere*, was the chief cauſe of our author's reſentment againſt him. It met with great ſucceſs on the ſtage.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt of good-breading and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow, we have a curioſity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vainglory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendor at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendor to her:

and

and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh Rogue, and hug ourſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For

For having deſigned four very laborious and uncommon ſort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forced, for want of time, to publiſh two only: the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I've alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſhed in my deſk the heads of two Eſſays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhioned reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? My Lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſt this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine

imagine what Twickenham * is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them: my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; what-

* I cannot write verſes, ſays *Voltaire*, in the 4th volume of his Letters, ſo well as *Pope*. But my houſe is better than his, and I keep a better table; thanks to the care and attention of Madame *Denis*. If the name of Voltaire has been frequently repeated in thoſe volumes, it will be found on due examination, that his opinions have as frequently been cenſured as commended. It is as impoſſible to deny that he had great genius and wit, as it is not to lament the manner in which he too often uſed them. The French Republicans have of late contributed to lower his reputation among us, by daring to claim and to honour him as a Patron and Defender of their principles; when it was notorious that he was a lover of monarchy, duly moderated and rightly underſtood: and if he had lived to ſee the various miſeries of his countrymen, would certainly, if we may judge from his writings, have expoſed and condemned the cruelty and injuſtice they have been guilty of with his utmoſt energy and force.

whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, my Tuſcan porticos, or Ionic pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jeſt! Buildings, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! None of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two poſts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſti-

mony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter; that your mother remembers me, is a very ſincere joy to me: I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes, however, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges breath is beyond all perfume,

ſume, and the ſong of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and ſee all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of theſe at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I gueſs what an increaſe of charms it muſt now have. How kind is it in you to wiſh me there, and how unfortunate are my circumſtances that allow me not to viſit you? If I ſee you, I muſt leave my father alone, and this uneaſy thought would diſappoint all my propoſed pleaſures; the ſame circumſtances will prevent my proſpect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurſt's wood, and I fear of ſeeing you till winter, unleſs Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which caſe I ſhall preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire, as you propoſed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico!

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and converſation is, I find, quite changed ſince I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever aſtoniſhed a Philoſopher ſo much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late

obtained

obtained in converſation. All ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide, for there can be no ſuch diſeaſe any more as ſpleen in this new Golden age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me, you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort Eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glimpſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, etc. Thither may we may tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower:

thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as aſſociates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar, (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called Spa-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

> On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
> Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs, which your ſiſters promiſed to make for this purpoſe: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Oſborne's deſcription of King James the Firſt.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can ſuffice to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, value, love, and deſire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, directors, governors, treaſurers, etc. etc. etc. *in ſaecula ſaeculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miſerable mercenary period; and turn yourſelf, in a juſt contempt of theſe ſons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage; in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you *, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden age; for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhowered down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral Golden age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the muſes delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I can't but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you deſire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is ſet up and worſhipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, though aſſiſted by this increaſe: If ſo, and if monſters only as various as thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the play-houſe? who will go thither

* Written during the deluſion of the famous South-Sea ſcheme.

thither while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuſes, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But, I hope, the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your ſufferings[a]; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer.

[a] See Note on v. 139. of the ſecond Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw on my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf,

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good

good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: She needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift obſerved to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but "walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of philanthropy, ſo long dead to our world, is revived in him: He is a philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a ſtar that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would ſerve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory,) ſo at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that

are

are left, though the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, etc.

LETTER XI.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleaſed that I am arrived in ſafety at Twickenham; though it is a ſort of earneſt that you will be troubled again with me at Sherburne, or Coleſhill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them: I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: So I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day

day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: Though I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the Clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lady Conningſby, and on the other Mr. W* . Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man, than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and deſire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder†, and to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young Ladies, whom I almoſt robbed of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they ſhall like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it).

Your, etc.

† He frequently expreſſed his total diſlike of this poem; though its author was patronized by Bolingbroke, who alſo induced Philips to write the poem on *Blenheim*. Cyder was elegantly tranſlated into Latin verſe by my amiable friend Mr. Pl..lps, Under Secretary of State to Lord Sandwich, whilſt he was a Scholar at Wincheſter College, 1738.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a ſort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for ſure nothing is more ſatisfactory than to be certain of ſuch a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to riſe to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne. I'm told, you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her guide through that enchanted foreſt, is not to be expreſſed: I look upon myſelf as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the receſſes of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and as yet viſionary beauties that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes: The palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the

the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble Owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through ſecret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity a hundred years hence, But till the deſtined time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content herſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, etc. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be the witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms diſplayed, provoke the ſpirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee ſupply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp ſeems crowned with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſic of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs, to repreſent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will

will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon them. The perſon I complain of is the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed, ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve,) I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither, from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular

ticular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe; we and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily), "The "converſation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendor ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide in the metaphorical ſenſe; that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendors, of an Aſſembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and falſe faces). This is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome new faces about town, of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I CAN'T return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained, in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled, and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you: ſo truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt

men: for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out into action. But, I hope, I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, though not ſo well grounded: theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have, as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great

great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius, applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now, that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room now left to aſk you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? How look the trees? How ſpring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? Hard names to ſpell! How did the poppies bloom? And how is the great room approved? What parties have you had of pleaſure? What in the grotto? What upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days—But here you have me now, and that is all I ſhall ſay of it: ſince which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous illneſs), "You ſhall neither go into the other world, "nor any where you like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: 'tis like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſet of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days, and have by a ſuperior rectitude of heart ſet yourſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millenary year in London? Tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family,

mily, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warped by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's [b]. I am confident if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas [c], the ſeat of all earthly happineſs and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: 'tis the beſt time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open, through the thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn,

[b] Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young. P. She was afterwards much talked of, for a particular intrigue.

[c] About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America. P.

thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome: what would you have? The Moon ſhines too, though not for Lovers theſe cold nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have you not reflecting Teleſcopes [d], whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt, (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any eyes but theirs,) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking Sanhedrin, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant, you know I am

Yours, etc.

[d] Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection. P.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B*'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the waters of Riſkins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China †, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B* has, becauſe they were certainly both very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's

† See Sir W. Temple's account of them, vol. 3, of his Eſſays; but above all, Sir W. Chambers's deſcription of them, and the Heroic Epiſtle addreſſed to him.

ſhip's maxims is, that a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopiation * of the ſenſes is repoſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly called the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs. I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

* One of the few new words he ever uſed.

LETTER XVII.

December 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-faſhioned, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſhed people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins).

They tell me that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting: that a thing called Chriſtian Chearfulneſs, (not incompatible with Chriſtmas-pies and plum-broth,) whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſe-keeping, in a latitude not

more remote from London than fourſcore miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually made ſome people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones; we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter was as clear to all men as it is to

Your affectionate, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Nature and eſteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than myſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our ſenſation of its being removed from our ſight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendſhip and ſociety of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that ſo much wants them, as long as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be with thoſe who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning!

And,

And, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each juſt as we think he would have done; ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we ſhall meet him next, we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be evermore ſeparated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes, and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myſelf.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the Church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with an Epitaph written by the Author. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

From the Year 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

December, 1716.

I RETURN your [a] Preface, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one that reads it: And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter; of which you yourſelf are the beſt and the only judge. This is my ſincere opinion, which I give, becauſe you aſk it: And which I would not give, though aſked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being ſenſible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in things of this nature; which I never underſtood well, and now underſtand ſome-

[a] The general Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter. P.

ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhyme *, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion perhaps, but, I am ſure, without the leaſt prejudice: Being myſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you: Or, if I do, ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, etc.

* In the diſpute about the reſpective merits of rhyme and blank verſe, Lord Kaims ſeems to have obſerved with acuteneſs and judgment, that rhyme is but indifferently ſuited to elevated and ſublime ſubjects, as producing a certain gaiety, airineſs, and cheerfulneſs, not according with the gravity of the ſentiments. In his 18th chapter of Elements of Criticiſm, are many juſt obſervations, with ſome exceptions, on the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verſe, worth a diligent peruſal.

LETTER II.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I HOPED to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc*[b] with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands: Out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry your Alcander[c] is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, among my curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met with, from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to which he is pleaſed to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pleaſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you can make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with. I wiſh you

[b] A Tragedy written in the Reign of Edward the Sixth (and much the beſt performance of that Age) by Sackvil, afterwards Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-mall. P.

[c] An Heroic Poem, writ at 15 years old. P.

you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any degree towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always, every where, moſt affectionately and faithfully

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſhed me, but what you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you that there is no man living who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleaſed to contribute any ways to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral places,

as

as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages altered, and added by the author, beſide what you have mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin* and Death, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's†, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it,

> Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
> Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town

* Though Addiſon cenſures the introduction of ſuch an allegory in an epic poem, yet at the ſame time he highly extols the bold and ſublime imagery it contains. Lord Kaimes joins with Voltaire and the French Critics, as might be expected, in condemning it. They faſtidiouſly call it nauſeous and diſguſting.

† What would Atterbury have thought of the groſs miſrepreſentations and taſteleſs cenſures of his acquaintance Voltaire on Milton, had he lived to have read the article, Epopée, in the Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, in which he ſays, "Les Grecs recommandaient aux poetes de ſacrifier aux *Graces;* Milton a ſacrifié au *Diable?*" I have never met with a French writer, or a Frenchman, that had any true taſte for Milton.

town the D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill that he received no meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to let me know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

THE ANSWER.

MY LORD, Nov. 20, 1717.

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but ſure it is a virtuous one: At leaſt I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs,

happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity). Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: This I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read[d]. I am afraid moſt

[d] This is an admirable picture of every Reader buſied in religious controverſy, without poſſeſſing the *principles* on which a right judgment of the points in queſtion is to be regulated. W.

moſt ſeekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as outwitted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another; and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſ-reliſh of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis called ſo, for to me it always ſeemed to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preſerve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of

God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: And where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a True Catholic: And not a King of Whigs *, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties. You ſee, my Lord, I end like a preacher: This is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, etc.

* Happy if this ſentiment was univerſally adopted!

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have ſome time ago received the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promiſed to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticiſe from Virgil to theſe Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you: The fate of the South-Sea ſcheme has, much ſooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man conſidered it would come *like a Thief in the Night;* exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſhed the avaritious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: The thirſt of gain was their crime; that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain, with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble ſervant,)

vant,) I would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half of his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *Directors* of thoſe days, reſolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The univerſal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: But it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much pleaſed with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he ſays the government and South-Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy, (as is uſual in the caſe of Lunatics,) and intend to reſtore them as much as may be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall ſee them return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other.

In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician, as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way

way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully ſays, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time, I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

IOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. etc.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair, as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his buſto above—may not lines like theſe be graved juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, though it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you, if you ſhould not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I ſhall read while I live *. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte; they are writ with ſo romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding,) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little: but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportioned, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images: but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and

* How contemptuouſly ſoever the Biſhop thought of thoſe Tales, yet was Addiſon very fond of them, and we know how beautifully he imitated them.

and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them[e], I cannot tell: but obſerving

[e] Not the *pretended Author*, but the real Tranſlator, of an Arabic MS. in the French King's library. What he has given in ten ſmall Volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the Original. The Eaſtern people have been always famous for this ſort of Tales: in which much fine morality is often conveyed; not indeed in a ſtory always repreſenting real life and manners, but what the eaſtern ſuperſtitions have made paſs for ſuch amongſt the people. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from what the Tranſlator has here given us—But the policy of ſome of the latter princes of the Eaſt greatly hurt the elegance and uſe of the compoſition, by ſetting all men upon compoſing in this way, to furniſh matter for their coffee-houſes and public places of reſort; which were enjoined to entertain their cuſtomers with a rehearſal of theſe works, in order to divert them from politics, and matters of ſtate. The collection in queſtion is ſo ſtrange a medley of ſenſe and nonſenſe, that one would be tempted to think it the compilation of ſome coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from good and bad. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together is ſo blunderingly conducted, that after ſuch an inſtance of the want of common ſenſe one can wonder at no abſurdity we find in them. The tales are ſuppoſed to be told to one of the Kings of Perſia of the Dynaſty of the Saſſanides, an ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the ſcene of ſome of them is laid in the Court of *Harown Alraſcid* the 26th Chalif, and the 5th of the Race of the *Abaſides*. Theſe, where the ſcene is ſo laid, are amongſt the beſt; and it may be eaſily accounted for. *Alraſcid* was one of the moſt magnificent of the Chalifs, and the greateſt encourager of Letters; ſo that it was natural for men of Genius in after-times, to do this honour to his memory.—But the Biſhop talks of Petit de la Croix. M. Galland was the tranſlator of the *Arabian Tales*. The name of the other is to the collection called the *Perſian Tales*, of which I have nothing to ſay. W.

ſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, etc. I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea; ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is concerned: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſhed, it would by degrees have overturned our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that which ſoever way it had leaned, muſt have borne down all before it—But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventured, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! A thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your[f] Verſes, and with the freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that though I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet as they are yours and to be owned as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourſelf: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus

[f] Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. P.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, though I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to-day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe, having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily: and am ever

Your, etc.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin [g] MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called—what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay—but all he ſays, is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtaque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes——

To

[g] Written by Huetius, Biſhop of Avranches. He was a mean reaſoner; as may be ſeen by a vaſt collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonſtration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called Learning; and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he compoſed a treatiſe *Of the Weakneſs of the Human Underſtanding:* a poor ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; indeed little other than an abſtract of *Sextus Empiricus*. W.

A much more uſeful undertaking was his directing and ſuperintending the Dauphin edition of the Claſſics. The commentary on his own life is entertaining.

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Could that bleſſed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can,) we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, tomorrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. CHANCELLOR HARCOURT TO MR. POPE.

December 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the incloſed. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I cauſed the Latin Epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of

of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear, (viz.) renounced, deſerted, etc. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more good-nature, than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to ſpeak.

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without farther diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of that line; and, the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I perſuade myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, etc.

LETTER IX.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

September 21, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unleſs when company to whom I cannot excuſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleaſed to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?

"if theſe things be done in the green tree, what ſhall "be done in the dry?" Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of Scripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly Letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing, which you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller*; and poſſeſſed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not

* Whom the Biſhop ſo happily imitated in his Lines on *Flavia's Fan*.

not beſtowed it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them becauſe you forget nothing.

> With ſuch a grace you entertain,
> And look with ſuch contempt on pain, etc.

I mention them not upon account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words *(appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

> So lightnings in a ſtormy air,
> Scorch more than when the ſky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true; for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave *, elſe I would have done it, to have ſhewn his

* There are four or five Letters of the Biſhop to *Prior*, in Nicols's Collection, full of affection and regard. One, in a vein of irony, containing a pleaſing compliment on his *Solomon and Alma*. Another (vol. ii. p. 58.) abounding in hacknied quotations from Virgil: which I mention on account of a wonderful, unſcholar-like compariſon of a line of Virgil and Homer; the former of which he prefers,—dum ſpiritus *hos* regit artus,—to the φιλα γυιατα of Homer; *friendly* knees, he ſays, whereas φιλα ſignifies no more than *fua* genua, or than *hos* joined to artus. Two ſevere Epigrams againſt Atterbury have been aſcribed to Prior, and are both inſerted in the late collection of his works.

"Meek

his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am

"Meek Francis lies here, Friend. Without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law:
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be found
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you, without right, on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

The other was occasioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior survived but a few months.

"I have no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an Infidel confest,
"He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, though Knave, still "Brother dear," he cries,
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

There cannot be a stronger proof of Atterbury's restless and ambitious temper, than is exhibited in the Letter written to him by his father, 1690, in vol. i. of Nicols's Collection, p. 11. In the British Museum, there is one Letter of Pope to Prior, in commendation of his Poem, entitled Damon, a little piece of true humour.

I am pleaſed to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: May both continue till I ſee you! May my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet, I am ſure, I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

FROM THE SAME.

Bromley, October 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foreſee, it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire; and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii*, or *Seboſi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption

tion they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurprized to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I propheſy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: A letter or two from his London-friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require my attendance at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtick. In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe, but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I

am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, etc.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by [g] a dead man to [h] a dead man; and even that the new [i] patron to whom Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the Editor's place I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for

[g] Mr. Addiſon. [h] Mr. Craggs. [i] Lord Warwick.

for myſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER XI.

MY LORD, Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure of an hour with your Lordſhip, that I ſhould begin to think myſelf no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myſelf ſo in my conſtant thoughts of you. In thoſe I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wiſh and hope one day to ſee you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went laſt to town, and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your Lordſhip was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you whatever you wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is juſt to tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I deſire, that is, find you well: Eaſy, reſigned, and happy you will make yourſelf, and (I believe) every body that converſes with you;

if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over thoſe of

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a complete copy of theſe Verſes on Mr. Addiſon[k]; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: It has pleaſed every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneered at in a line or ſo,

[k] An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the Author's ſurprize, who never would give any. P.
This Mr. *Spence* doubted.

ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talked my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot ſay: But it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you will pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleaſed ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanery, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which,

I think,

I think, you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: For I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noiſe and daily buſtle for the public be now over, I dare ſay, a good man is ſtill tendering its welfare; as the ſun in the winter when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you ſhould underſtand the value of it: But I don't wiſh you a jot leſs concerned or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and therefore warm, deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: For hitherto I have not been your Viſitor, but your Lodger, and I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo, (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity,) I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-Sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh,

wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the ſame: Who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

As a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination ſoever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: For, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed: But God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello;* and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt be ſpent far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my poſt, or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it,

In the mean time the judicious world is pleaſed to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe; let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy [1] manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be ſo taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing.

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

MY LORD, March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourſelf on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine

[1] In his Lady's laſt ſickneſs. W.

fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to ſhew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthened in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember, in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion).

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the Deſert. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers,

followers, that you'll receive them kindly, though taken from his worſt work [m])*.

> That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
> Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord C * or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, etc.

[m] The *Paradiſe Regain'd*. I ſuppoſe this was in compliment to the Biſhop. It could never be his own opinion. W.

* The ſuperlative ſublimity of the Paradiſe Loſt has eclipſed the milder beauties of Paradiſe Regained: For beauties it has, and in no ſmall abundance.

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you: The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy——however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniences will be wanting: For I'll ſee nobody but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to ſtateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors: When they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhew. I have ſaid to Greatneſs * ſometime ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level; and I am reſolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: For he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and leſs pride; and then I'll court them as much as any body: But till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are; though I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I ſat down to write I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey, becauſe of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it; as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know

* Was the good Biſhop really cured of all ambitious views at this time?

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of franking* (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allowed us.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord

* This is a peeviſh ſentiment; ſurely more privileges were left; or rather, what privileges were taken away?

Lord * has preſſed me terribly to ſee him at *, and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it: and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſhed, and not thrown away in compliment. You know the Motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the ſingle point I now aim at: though, I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have

over-

overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I, for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſired? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either

from you, or from him on that head; as, I ſuppoſe, I might have done if you had found him.

I am ſick of theſe men of quality; and the more ſo, the oftener I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſſed in the coach about Samſon Agoniſtes *. I ſhall not preſs you as

* Dr. Johnſon thought differently about this Tragedy; written evidently and happily in the ſtyle and manner of *Eſchylus*; and ſaid, "that it was deficient in both requiſites of a *true* Ariſtotelic *middle*. Its intermediate parts have neither *cauſe* nor *conſequence*; neither *haſten*, nor *retard* the *cataſtrophe*." To which opinion the judicious Mr. Twining accedes. What Dr. Warburton ſaid of it is wonderfully ridiculous; that Milton "choſe the ſubject for the ſake of the ſatire on bad wives;" and that the ſubjects of this tragedy, and Paradiſe Loſt, were not very different, "the fall of two heroes by a woman." *Milton*, in this drama, has given an example of every *ſpecies* of *meaſure* which the Engliſh language is capable of exhibiting; not only in the *Choruſes*, but in the Dialogue part. The chief parts of the *Dialogue* (though there is a great variety of meaſure in the *Choruſes* of the Greek Tragedies) are in Iambic Verſe. I recollect but three places in which *Hexameter* verſes are introduced in the Greek Tragedies, once in the *Trachiniæ*, once in the *Philoctes* of *Sophocles*, and once in the *Tröades*

as to time, but ſome time or other, I wiſh you would review, and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know is not to be got over.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I HAVE been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize

Tröades of Euripides. Voltaire wrote an opera on this ſubject of Samſon, 1732, which was ſet to muſic by Rameau, but was never performed. He has inſerted Choruſes to Venus and Adonis; and the piece finiſhes by introducing Samſon, actually pulling down the Temple, on the ſtage, and cruſhing all the Aſſembly, which Milton has flung into ſo fine a narration; and the Opera is ended by Samſon's ſaying, "J'ai reparé ma honte, & j'expire en vainqueur." And yet this was the man that dared to deride the irregularities of Shakeſpeare.

moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human Glory.—

The Ducheſs's [n] letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe: I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will, and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touched with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeable to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it. And ſo, I hope, ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's honour be preſerved, and my integrity alſo: which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never ſo

[n] The Ducheſs of Buckingham. W.

ſo much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not ſo much as I ought. I am pleaſed with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: you tell me I have them, as the civileſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, etc. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the Ducheſs [o] juſt as you deſired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay, eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concerned; but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanery, and, I believe, I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that [p] laſt ſcene of pompous vanity *.

'Tis

[o] Ducheſs of Buckingham. W.

[p] This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722. P.

* His portrait has been elegantly drawn by Lord Cheſterfield. "Of all the men I ever knew in my life, (and I knew him extremely well,) the late Duke of Marlborough poſſeſſed the graces in the higheſt degree, not to ſay engroſſed them; and indeed he got the moſt by them; for I will venture (contrary to the cuſtom of profound hiſtorians, who always aſſign deep cauſes for great events) to aſcribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatneſs and riches to thoſe graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad Engliſh, and ſpelled it ſtill worſe. He had no ſhare of what is commonly called parts; that is, he had no brightneſs, nothing ſhining in his genius. He had, moſt undoubtedly, an excellent

Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of year: and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando * ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In

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cellent good plain underſtanding, with ſound judgment. But theſe alone would probably have raiſed him but ſomething higher than they found him, which was page to King James II.'s Queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was Enſign of the Guards, the Dutcheſs of Cleveland, then favourite miſtreſs to King Charles II. ſtruck by thoſe very graces, gave him five thouſand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a-year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his ſubſequent fortunes. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irreſiſtible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithſtanding their private and ſeparate views, jealouſies, and wrong-headedneſſes. Whatever Court he went to, (and he was often obliged to go himſelf to ſome reſty and refractory ones,) he as conſtantly prevailed, and brought them into his meaſures."

* This Letter, as indeed are many of them, is crowded, even to affectation, with very trite quotations from Horace and Virgil. The Biſhop appears to have been rather a polite than profound Scholar. One of his beſt compoſitions is a Preface to *Waller*'s Poems, written 1690; in which is a rational and powerful defence of Blank Verſe, and one of the earlieſt encomiums on the Paradiſe Loſt; which HE, and not Lord SOMERS, had the great merit of procuring to be printed in folio by ſubſcription. He wrote a large part of *Boyle*'s Diſſertation on Phalaris, againſt *Bentley;* but complained afterwards of the coldneſs and ingratitude with which his labours, on this occaſion, were treated by Mr. *Boyle*. This complaint probably aroſe from his having expected, from his ſanguine temper, more than was his due. His Sermons, according to Dr. Blair, have been too much praiſed for purity

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

> At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
> Oſſibus & capiti inhumato
> Particulam dare——
> Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit,
> Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in *Hamlet* to this requeſt, which you remember though I don't. *Poor Ghoſt? thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!*——or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here—

> Sed me
> Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

You

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rity of ſtyle. Never was there a more complete victory than was gained over him by Bp. *Hoadly*, for his perverſe and groundleſs interpretation of the text, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men moſt miſerable." *Hoadly* alſo powerfully attacked him on the doctrine of *Paſſive Obedience;* a doctrine ſo ſingularly abſurd, as ſcarce indeed to merit a ſerious refutation. In alluſion to Hoadly's *lamenteſs*, who ſo frequently attacked Atterbury, it was ſaid,

> Raro antecedentem Sceleſtum,
> Deſeruit *pede Pœna claudo.*

No two men were ever of more diametrically oppoſite *tempers*, as well as *principles*, than *Hoadly* and *Atterbury;* the former all calmneſs and tranquillity, the latter all vehemence and fire.

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, though at twenty miles diſtance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10, 1725.

I THANK you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip both before, and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no diſtance of time, or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me, which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh

for

for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of Triumph, though ſure of the Victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanery, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider—You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have cloſed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without ſome degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt*, but wip'd them ſoon:
The world was all before him, where to chuſe
His place of reſt, and *Providence* his Guide.

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* He repeated theſe lines to ſome of the upper Scholars of Weſtminſter School, who went to viſit him in the Tower.

LETTER XXII.

THE ANSWER.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think*, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong,

* Whatever our Author's opinion might be, it is now but too manifeſt, from the curious collection of the Biſhop's Letters, publiſhed by Mr. *J. Nichols*, 1783, in three volumes 8vo. particularly in pages 148 and 167 of vol. i. that he was engaged in a treaſonable correſpondence with the Pretender. In theſe volumes are many entertaining Letters to M. *Thiriot*, the intimate friend of *Voltaire*, in the laſt edition of whoſe works, are above an hundred Letters to this M. *Thiriot*, who was allowed to dine with Voltaire every day, during his impriſonment in the Baſtile, for ſix months, 1725: juſt before Voltaire came to England, where he was ſo well received, and got a very large and liberal ſubſcription to his *Henriade*, and lived much with Lord Peterborough and Lord Bolingbroke.. I will take occaſion to add, that *Thiriot* was in correſpondence for thirty years with the great King of *Pruſſia*, but never received from that Monarch any thing *but compliments*. In one of theſe Letters, Atterbury obſerves to Thiriot, that the Abbé du Bos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, furniſhed Voltaire with the hint of his Poem on the Ligue. Vol. i. p. 179.

ſtrong, than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected. By this way I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice; the inſtruments of your Fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon[q]: Is it not the latter, the diſgraced part

[q] Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace; and the beſt of Cicero's after his return from exile. W.

part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have lived?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country, (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage,) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs, that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent ſpirits, who, though we never ſee or hear them, we think, are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten

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(nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſhed me, how cordially you have adviſed me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you: in my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

May 17, 1723.

ONCE more I write * to you as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing

* There is an anecdote, ſo uncommon and remarkable, lately mentioned in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of the Earl of Cheſterfield, and which he gives in the very words of that celebrated nobleman, that I cannot forbear repeating it in this place:—"I went," ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, "to Mr. Pope, one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt claſps, lying before him upon his table; and, as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I aſked him, jocoſely, if he was going to write an anſwer to it? It is a preſent, ſaid he, or rather a legacy, from my old friend

nothing left but to wiſh you a long good-night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep

friend the Biſhop of Rocheſter. I went to take my leave of him yeſterday in the Tower, where I ſaw this bible upon his table. After the firſt compliments, the Biſhop ſaid to me, "My friend Pope, "conſidering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely "that we ſhould ever meet again; and therefore I give you this le- "gacy to remember me by it."—"Does your Lordſhip abide by it "yourſelf?"—"I do."—"If you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May "I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you "now, to entertain an opinion ſo contrary to that which you enter- "tained of that Book all the former part of your life?"—The Biſhop replied, "We have not time to talk of theſe things; but take home "the Book: I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do ſo too, "and ſo, God bleſs you!"—Charity and juſtice call on us, not haſtily to credit ſo marvellous a tale, without the ſtrongeſt teſti- mony for its truth. And, for the ſake of juſtice, I here inſert a Let- ter, from a very reſpectable man, which I received on this ſubject.

"Rev. Sir, South Moulton, Devonſhire, May 28, 1782.

"You will be ſurpriſed at this addreſs from a perſon who hath not the honour of being known to you, even by name; but the occaſion of my writing will, I truſt, plead for my freedom.

"I have this week had the long-wiſhed-for ſatisfaction of read- ing your . . . . . Eſſay on the Works of Pope. *Mine* will add nothing to the applauſe, which your writings have received from readers of taſte and judgment. But the deſign of this Letter is not to pay you a compliment. You need it not: And I have ſomething to communicate to you, which I am ſure you will be better pleaſed with.

"In quoting a certain "uncommon anecdote," reſpecting Biſhop Atterbury, from Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Cheſterfield, you very candidly acknowledge that it ought not to be credited too haſtily. When I firſt read it in the Work from whence you have extracted it, I was much ſtartled at it: But recollecting from *what* ſource it iſſued, I was led to ſuſpect its truth. The ſtory is a very inſidious one: and perfectly in Lord Cheſterfield's manner!— It is airy, and gay, and arch: But no diſguiſe can cover an In-

ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from

ſidel's malignity. I would not judge haſtily of any man's motives; nor call the veracity of any man in queſtion without the cleareſt evidence. But it is on the cleareſt evidence, and with the fulleſt conviction, that I ſcruple not to pronounce this ſtory, concerning Biſhop Atterbury's infidelity, to be groundleſs.

"The anecdote relates, that this remarkable converſation between Atterbury and Pope took place *but a few days* before the Biſhop went into exile; whereas it appears from a Letter, dated *nine months before* this event, that the Biſhop had, with equal piety and generoſity, intereſted himſelf ſo far in the ſpiritual welfare of his friend Mr. Pope, as to recommend to him the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures; and ſoftening his zeal by his urbanity, had ſo won on the eſteem and affection of Pope, as to draw from him the moſt grateful and liberal acknowledgments. The Letter I refer to is the 19th, of the collection of thoſe between Atterbury and Pope. At the concluſion is the following very remarkable paſſage: "I "ought *firſt*," ſays Mr. Pope, "to prepare my mind for a better "knowledge, *even* of good profane writers, eſpecially the moraliſts, "etc. etc. *before* I can be worthy of taſting *that ſupreme of books*, and "*ſublime of all writings*, in which (as in all the intermediate ones) "*you* may, if your friendſhip and charity towards me continue ſo "far, be the *beſt guide* to Yours, etc."

"This Letter bears date July 27, 1722: The Biſhop did not go into exile till nearly three quarters of a year afterwards. The laſt Letter of Pope to that Biſhop previous to his exile, is dated April 20, 1723. It muſt have been about this time that Pope paid him a viſit in the Tower: But whether *ſuch* a converſation took place as hath been pretended, may be ſafely, for the Biſhop's credit, ſubmitted to the determination of every man of common ſenſe, after reading the above extract.

"I communicated theſe hints laſt winter to my very eſteemed friend Mr. Moore, one of the Canons of the church of Exeter, and he wiſhed me to communicate them to the Public, in order to check the inſolence of certain gentlemen, who, arrogating all the good ſenſe in the world to themſelves, would inſinuate that a man of genius, if he profeſſes to be a Chriſtian, muſt be a Hypocrite!

I had

from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your ſtudies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity: and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live

I had an intention of complying with Mr. Moore's requeſt; but a variety of other engagements put it quite out of my head, till the remembrance was recalled by your publication. I would not preſume to dictate to you: Your better judgment will decide whether it would be proper for you to take notice of thoſe hints, and to mould them into a form that may be worthy of the public eye, in the next edition of your ingenious Eſſay. My motive in thus ſimply offering them to your notice, aroſe from an honeſt wiſh to remove *unmerited* obloquy from the dead.

"I ſhould ſincerely rejoice if it was in my power to remove, with equal eaſe and ſucceſs, the cloud which, in ſome other reſpects, ſtill obſcures the luſtre of the Biſhop's memory.

"I have the honour to be, with great eſteem,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"S. BADCOCK."

live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs, and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: Higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter,

will

will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life[r], as one juſt upon the edge of immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am, with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame as well as happineſs,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

You will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to ſay

[r] The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732. P.

ſay ſomething; and the reputation of an [s] Hiſtory * which I and all the world value, muſt have ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have printed it here, in hopes that ſomebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two frightening words at the cloſe of [s] it. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, though it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr.

[s] E. of Clarendon's. W.

* Dr. *John Burton*, Fellow of Eton College, publiſhed a complete vindication of the authenticity of this invaluable Hiſtory of *Clarendon*; a hiſtory written with almoſt unparalleled dignity of ſtyle and manner; though perhaps, in ſome inſtances, leaning to a partiality for the character of his unfortunate, but unwiſe, Maſter. It has been very lately proved, that there were ſome omiſſions made in the Oxford edition of this Hiſtory.

[t] The Biſhop's Name ſet to his Vindication of Biſhop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himſelf, from the ſcandalous Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory. Paris, 1731, 4to. ſince reprinted in England. P.

Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promiſed more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes that they preſerve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my error, it ſeems, before I was aware of it: but enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters: and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you purſue the Moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago * ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather chooſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed, to chal-

* So that the plan for the Eſſay on Man was laid, 1729.

challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation: They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend, and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your Mother; I ſend one of theſe papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr. Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not,

like

like the Chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!* And when I die at a diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame manner as Virgil deſcribes the expiring Peloponneſian,

Sternitur——et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and I am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employed, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleaſed to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind

is

is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents on little men and little things*; but chooſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

——gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effoeto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the ſouth of France, much more than I did at Paris: though even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting One I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſſed the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe

* It is to be wiſhed that our Author had attended to this judicious admonition.

ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatiſfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character. For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than ſhe had done in all her life-time, though ſhe had never been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow, in a ſleeping poſture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this occaſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter ſtrangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I can have none, but thoſe with which Reaſon and Religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay hold on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burden upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner, as I have born others with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs.

You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter.

I ſhall

I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here, and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleaſes, or elſe in another *.

I am, etc.

* His body was brought to England, and interred on May 12, 1732, in his vault in Weſtminſter Abbey: his bowels were in an urn thus inſcribed:

"In hâc urnâ depoſiti ſunt cineres,
"FRANCISCI ATTERBURY Epiſcopi Roffenſis."

The inſcription was intended to be longer, containing very ſevere ſarcaſms on his trial and baniſhment, and ending thus;

"Cavete Poſteri!
"Hoc Facinus, conſcivit, aggreſſus eſt, perpetravit, (Epiſcoporum præcipuè ſuffragiis adjutus,) Robertus iſte Walpole,
"Quem nulla neſciet Poſteritas!"

Epiſtolary Correſpondence, publiſhed by Mr. Nichols, vol. i. p. 302.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. GAY,

From the Year 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hindered my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times inquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſſed two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been ſilent all this year: I believe he has been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of my freedoms [a], which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But

[a] We ſee by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was wont to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte of the other. W.

But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourſelf, which, if I had any intereſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhould not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vicious diſtruſt of another's value for you, (thoſe two eternal foes to merit,) imagine that your letters and converſation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in you to be any thing leſs than

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1712.

It has been my good fortune within this month paſt, to hear more things that have pleaſed me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo home-felt a ſatisfaction as the news you tell me of yourſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good ſucceſs: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boaſt of. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that notwithſtanding

withſtanding the many inconveniencies and diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *res anguſta domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them ſome real ſervice. For after all, if we could but think a little, ſelf-love might make us philoſophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumſtantials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horſes and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.

I ſhall ſee you this winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Ducheſs [b] will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, though you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe Secretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon thoſe Ladies favours is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer ſays for ſuſtenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only paſſes a night or ſo with them at his leiſure, and away. I am

Your, etc.

[b] Ducheſs of Monmouth, to whom he was juſt then made Secretary. P.

LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was ſet down to write to you, with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you inſiſt upon ceremony, and how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have, than I deſerve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to diſcover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a noſe or ear, the ſmalleſt degree of light or ſhade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plauſible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it,) but am in ſome danger even from the ugly and diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Ducheſs of Montague, beſides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Chriſt over-again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as

her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himſelf in painting, and as, 'tis ſaid, an angel came and finiſhed his piece, ſo, you would ſwear, a devil put the laſt hand to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However I comfort myſelf with a Chriſtian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians ſhould have a ſight of them, who, they tell us, worſhip certain idols purely for their uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſhed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*[c], which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and ſenſe of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine ſhall play in the hands of poſterity. I am glad your fan is mounted ſo ſoon, but I would have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the ſticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be borne in the hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himſelf cool after a debate, and a Stateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, etc.

[c] A Poem of Mr. Gay's, ſo intitled, not very ſtriking or intereſting.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mr. Gay, Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native ſoil[d]! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have ſtill a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worſt of times at your ſervice. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to ſerve you, and whoſe politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the ſide of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt man, and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know, you are incapable of being ſo much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore,

[d] In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occaſion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome. W.

Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!

One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you ſince the Queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons too themſelves to allege in your excuſe; as men who really value one another will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of ſpirits: Even I, who am more a philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor: During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verſes a day, beſides learned notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feaſting: We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies). Are not the Roſalinda's of Britain as charming as the Blouſalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great Paſtoral Poets of our nation renounced love at the ſame time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner kicked, his Roſalind. Dr. Parnelle and I

have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer ſhall ſupport his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me, if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to ſay to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Forteſcue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greateſt of curioſities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble moſt

part

part of the Summer, and have concluded the ſeaſon in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleaſed to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes; in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

I am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pultney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your Letter to Mr. Lowndes [e]. I am only ſorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wiſh you paid ſome hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to me too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good

[e] A Poem intitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Eſq; Author of that celebrated treatiſe in Folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL.

good with the waters, and I find ſince, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother Poets of theſe days.

The Ducheſs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who elſe, had your Letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would ſend my ſervices to Mr. Pultney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. Pultney, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me ſhe has as much out-ſhined all the French ladies, as ſhe did the Engliſh before: I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women ſhould eclipſe thoſe Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, etc.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young prince, becauſe he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no diſappointments.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. F—.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing that can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcaped: The only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had

paſſed

paſſed through * the various labours of the year together, with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of July between two and three in the afternoon,) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven

* The fate of theſe unfortunate Lovers is made the ſubject of a pathetic Epiſode in *Thomſon's Summer*, line 1170.

heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſollicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſcreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffened in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furniſhed the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd.
Sent his own lightning, and the victims ſeized.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country people will not underſtand this, and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of Scripture in it,

it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold[f].

Your, etc.

[f] The Epitaph was this:

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an induſtrious young Man
and Virtuous Maiden of this Pariſh;
Who being at Harveſt-Work
(With ſeveral others)
were in one inſtant killed by Lightning
the laſt day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure Heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

LETTER VII.

Dear Gay, September 11, 1722.

I THANK you for remembering me; I would do my beſt to forget myſelf, but that I find your idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or neither. I am ſorry I could not have a glimpſe either of you or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath: but now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this ſide of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the univerſe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Ducheſs*. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourſelf; and one of them at leaſt may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuffered to ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Rocheſter are opened and prophanely pried into at the Tower: 'tis the firſt time dead pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To be ſerious,

* That is of Marlborough.

ous, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern and ſurprize at his commitment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my eſteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment, like the Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh him, manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addreſſed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I was very much pleaſed, not to ſay obliged, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warmed my heart to have anſwered it ſooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourſelf were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world

furniſhes

furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. I think your ſentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh thoſe we call great men had the ſame notions, but they are really the moſt little creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one point, which is, that they want judgment [g] to know their greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chooſe honeſt men for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you ſomething or other in a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe repents. She has as much good nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue will paſs a few days with me: we ſhall remember you in our potations,

[g] Inſtead of—*that they want judgment*, propriety of expreſſion requires, he ſhould have ſaid—*there where they want judgment*. W.

potations, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortleſs and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

September 11, 1722.

I THINK it obliging in you to deſire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy ſo ineffectual, that I give myſelf entirely over. I wiſh your health may be ſet perfectly right by the waters: and be aſſured, I not only wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as common friends wiſh, but with a zeal not uſual among thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear of and from you; always glad to ſee you, whatever accidents or amuſements have intervened to make me do either leſs than uſual. I not only frequently think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I deſire you to do the ſame for me to thoſe you are now with: do me what you think juſtice in regard to thoſe who are my friends, and if there are any whom I have unwillingly deſerved ſo little of as to be my enemies, I don't deſire

you

you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any caſe. Let time convince thoſe who know me not, that I am an inoffenſive perſon; though (to ſay truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at leaſt to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or elſe I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, ſeems to forget me, I conſider I do the ſame ſeemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more ſincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

I FAITHFULLY aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly expectation almoſt of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that rendered it more unſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcape from ſo imminent danger I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for theſe two days paſt, her moſt dan-

gerous ſymptoms are returned upon her; and, unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt, in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as, I fear, hers muſt decline! I believe that would be very faſt.—May the life that is added to you be paſſed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others! May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than Friendſhip can give and receive without obligations to Greatneſs! God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my Mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, etc.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday Night.

I TRULY rejoice to ſee your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wiſh I had not known that you are ſtill ſo exceſſively weak. Every day for a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that muſt, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that ſhould prove to be her laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I write to you, either kind or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very firſt, be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance the old Roman farewel is proper, *Vive memor noſtri.*

Your, etc.

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have paſſed concerning you.

LETTER XII.

No words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not leſſened, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſured, no duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampſtead, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceaſed to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health! I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the ſouthern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your ſufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe

promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, etc.

Do not write if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I AM glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſſed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death* touches me nearly. It was twenty years

* Our Author's great regard for *Congreve* appears from his having dedicated to him, in preference to any great Patron, his

 tranſlation

years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure through;
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of another Year.

Your, &c.

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tranſlation of the Iliad. One of the moſt ſingular circumſtances in the life of *Congreve* is, his having been able to write ſuch a comedy as the *Old Bachelor*, at the age of nineteen. Dr. Johnſon accounts for this extraordinary phænomenon in the hiſtory of Literature, by ſaying it might be done by a mind vigorous and acute, and *furniſhed* with comic characters by the peruſal of *other poets*, *without* much actual commerce with mankind. And then he afterwards adds, in direct and palpable contradiction of this aſſertion, "that he is an *original* writer, who borrowed neither the *models* of his plots, nor the *manner* of his dialogue." The inexhauſted and improper ſuperabundance of his wit, on all ſubjects and occaſions, and in all characters, (for *Jeremy* is as witty as his Maſter, *Valentine*,) has been too often obſerved to be here mentioned. The *Mourning Bride* has been magnified, beyond its merits, by Lord *Kaims*; and Dr. Johnſon has ſtrained an encomium on a ſpeech of *Almeria*, in this tragedy, ſo high, as to ſay, that a more poetical paragraph cannot be ſelected from the whole maſs of Engliſh Poetry. One paſſage in this ſpeech muſt be noticed for its affectation: She ſays, "The Temple in which the ſcene lies, is ſo ſolemn and awful, that it *looks tranquillity*." How different in ſtyle and manner, are the brilliant ſallies in Congreve's comedies, from the *purity*, *juſtneſs*, and truth of *Terence*, and the *Drummer!*

LETTER XIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. ——

June 20.

We cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the encreaſe of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were diſtinguiſhed by lofty names; we ſee no reaſon why a Paſtoral Lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſounds: we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman Lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill [h]. Mrs. Suſan offered us wine upon the occaſion, and upon ſuch an occaſion we could not refuſe it. Our entertainment conſiſted of fleſh and fiſh, and the lettuce of a Greek iſland called Cos. We have ſome thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; becauſe we think your hall the moſt delightful room in the world, except that where you are. If it was

[h] Mrs. Howard's houſe. W.

was not for you, we would forſwear all Courts; and really it is the moſt mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the Court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; ſo we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourſelves as happy as we can in your houſe.

I hope we ſhall be brought into no worſe company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wiſh as to getting into Court, I diſclaim it, and deſire to ſee nothing of the Court but yourſelf, being wholly and ſolely

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

July 21.

You have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preſerve for me all the friendſhip and good-will which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my

paſt

paſt life of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenetic, conſider I have juſt received the news of the death of a friend, whom I eſteemed almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Eaſthamſtead *, of indolence

* On occaſion of his death, our Author wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Broome*, at *Pulham*, Norfolk, which is here inſerted, becauſe it contains ſome curious particulars:

"Dear Sir,

"I intended to write to you on this melancholy ſubject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yrs came; but ſtay'd to have informed myſelf & you of ye circumſtances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a Gradual Decay, though ſo early in Life, & was declining for 5 or 6 months. It was not, as I apprehended, the Gout in his Stomach, but I believe rather a Complication firſt of Groſs Humors, as he was naturally corpulent, not diſcharging themſelves, as he uſed no ſort of Exerciſe. No man better bore ye approaches of his Diſſolution (as I am told) or with leſs oſtentation yielded up his Being. The great Modeſty wch you know was natural to him, and ye great Contempt he had for all Sorts of Vanity & Parade, never appear'd more than in his laſt moments: He had a conſcious Satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himſelf honeſt, true, & unpretending to more than was his own. So he dyed, as he lived, with that ſecret, yet ſufficient, Contentment.

"As to any Papers left behind him, I dare ſay they can be but few; for this reaſon, He never wrote out of Vanity, or thought much of the Applauſe of Men. I know an Inſtance where he did his utmoſt to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural Love of Eaſe, I fancy we muſt expect little of this ſort: at leaſt I hear of none except ſome few further remarks on Waller, (wch his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonſon,) and perhaps, tho' 'tis many years ſince I ſaw it, a Tranſlation of ye firſt Book of Oppian. He had begun a Tragedy of Dion, but made ſmall progreſs in it.

"As

dolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchess [1] will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant or un-pensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,

Your, etc.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts, or legacies; except of a few p^ds to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, & mutual esteem.

"I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian and Philosophical character, in His Epitaph. There Truth may be spoken in a few words: as for Flourish, & Oratory, & Poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively Writers, such as love writing for writing sake, & w^d rather show their own fine Parts, y^n Report the valuable ones of any other man. So the Elegy I renounce.

"I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a Friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, & set your character in ye fairest light, to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

"Adieu: Let us love his Memory, and profit by his example. am very sincerely, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate

"& real Servant,

Aug. 29th 1730. "A. POPE."

[1] Of Queensberry. W.

LETTER XVI.

Dear Sir, Oct. 6, 1727.

I HAVE many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he who ex-"pects nothing, for he ſhall never be diſappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy diſmiſſion from all Court dependance; I dare ſay I ſhall find you the better and the honeſter man for it many years hence; very probably the health-fuller and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no men eſcape the infection, who are hackneyed and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes), and Ladies (the fools of Peers), will ſmile on you the leſs; but men of worth, and real friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give,) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Engliſhmen need not aſk from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the ſatisfactory conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch graces from courts as are beſtowed only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving.

The

The only ſteps to the favour * of the Great are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their paſſions. He is their greateſt favourite† who is the falſeſt; and when a man by ſuch vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for ſerving their ends: ſo many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if

* Is the picture of Miniſters and Courtiers and Great Men, drawn by the maſterly hand of a perſon of much experience and obſervation, Mad. Maintenon, faithful and true?

"Je ne ſuis point portée à la defiance, & j'aurois veeu long-temps ſans croire les hommes auſſi mauvais qu'on les dit; mais la Cour change les meilleurs. Preſque tous noyent leurs parens & leur amis pour dire un mot de plus au Roi, & pour lui montrer qu'ils lui ſacrifient tout. Ce pays eſt effroyable, il n'y a point de tête qui n'y tourne. Enfin les hommes ſont tres mal dans mon eſprit, & je ne regarde pas les femmes. Cependant je reçois la compagnie; & quelle compagnie! Je ſuis obſedée ou de femmes que je mepriſe, ou d'hommes qui ne m'aiment point. Je vois, j'entends des choſes qui me deplaiſent, ou qui m'indignent. Je m'obſerve ſans ceſſe pour retenir mon impatience, & pour empecher qu'on ne s'apperçoive que je la retiens. Nous avons des aſſaſſinats de ſang froid, des envies ſans ſujet, des rages, des trahiſons ſans reſſentimens, des avarices inſatiables, des déſeſpoirs au melieu du bonheur, des baſſeſſes, qu'on couvre du nom de grandeur d'ame. Je me tais, je n'y puis penſer ſans emportement."

† This ſatire is carried to exceſs. The Great, as they are called, are neither ſo bad or ſo good, as they are uſually repreſented to be.

if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any Decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens?—Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech; While you are nobody's servant, you may be any one's friend; and, as such, I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seemed, in the letter she writ, to be in high health and spirits.

Considering

Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirit enough to ſupport them: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from dependance, though I have leſs attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpoſed of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean: if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it; I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe uſed by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude; and loves, not envies, your performance; for we are not Dunces. Adieu,

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual at it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm, 'tis a ſign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this diſtance, nor help the General, whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive,) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all gueſts, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, ſprinkled with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet, up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor, while you are happily baniſhed with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? So partial is fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerved ten times more to be baniſhed than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their ſervices. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe, to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well.—I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. Forteſcue, and told him the pains you took to ſee him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Iriſh evidence, but only two letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always ſpeaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the ſuperior carnivoracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Ducheſs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever

ſaw.

ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Ameſbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I MAY with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their baniſhment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of Twit'nam ſeems, to be ranked with ſuch rectified and ſublimated beings as you) as a ſeparated ſpirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene matter, not altoge-

ther ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy of admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the Capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lies and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the Colluvies and ſink of human greatneſs at W——r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal and too tranſitory ſtate at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admired the Ducheſs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be born eaſily: and poor Mrs. Rollinſon, though a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

Dear Sir, October 1, 1730.

I AM ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capacity as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of Clarendon's,) for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dryden finely ſays, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend (a woman friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe would

complete all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employment I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the ladies, etc. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the ſummer are going away for London, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love poſterity, that poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

IT is true, that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little conſequence to one from whoſe converſation

verſation I am cut off by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs: I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once! And that I might live to ſee you as happy as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my age encreaſes; not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon, from thoſe about me: and ſo I find myſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, etc. conſpired to remove far from me. That deſire was, to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the reſt of mankind; I propoſe no rewards to myſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? Here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like

the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day; and as to the learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the ſame truth as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

October 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one*, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you give of the dejection of your ſpirits. I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing phyſician of that opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immerſed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy againſt the evil of too much recollection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be phyſicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our conſtitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum Similitudo*,

* In all this correſpondence with *Gay*, there appears to be a vein of more natural ſentiments, and eaſy unaffected language, than in moſt of his other Letters.

militudo, etc. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are ſeveral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and laſt adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or ſeeing; the whole age ſeems reſolved to juſtify the Dunciad, and it may ſtand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inſcription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people periſhed!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up, to preſerve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants in Guildhall) ſhew the bulk and bad taſte of our anceſtors: at preſent the poor Laureat[1] and Stephen Duck ſerve for this purpoſe; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the emblem of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious *Threſher* not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appeared at Ameſbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuſes, in court and country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talked of at Court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the ſame breath with the Treſher, as they do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or converſed with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful phænomenon of Wiltſhire *? I have read through his whole

[1] Euſden. W.

* He was a glover at Saliſbury. How came the Commentator to imagine that the *City* ſet him up to rival *Locke?*

whole volume [k] with admiration of the writer; though not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſt juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo till the laſt. Mrs. Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend [l].

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever, very truly,

Your, etc.

[k] This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any ſigns of theſe extravagancies, which have ſince rendered his name ſo noted. As the Court ſet up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the ſame time conſidered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipſe Locke. The modeſty of the Court Poet kept him ſober in the very intoxicating ſituation, while the vanity of this new-fangled Philoſopher aſſiſted his ſage admirers in turning his head. W.

[l] Alluding to thoſe lines in the Epiſt. *on the Characters of Women*,

"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can *Chloe* want?—She wants a heart. W.

LETTER XXIII.

October 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, and the waters roar. The ſun gives us a parting look, but 'tis a cold one; we are ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms and comforts more. I wiſh you could be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you ſhould come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhould ſtay in the country, where no innocents of another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to church: the Duke ſhould lock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. I adviſe you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for Coxcombs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them freſh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However, ambition finds ſomething to be gratified

gratified with in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politics at Court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer: but for my own part I like none ſo well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muſe on this occaſion. I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, if ſhe deſired it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The Volume of Miſcellanies is juſt publiſhed, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I aſſure you, no one more than

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

October 7, 1732.

I AM at laſt returned from my Somerſetſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, ſo as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excurſions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at preſent amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvements, and a great many viſionary caſtles. We are often entertained with ſea-views, and ſea-fiſh, and were at ſome places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleaſed with Dunſter Caſtle, near Minehead. It ſtands upon a great eminence, and hath a proſpect of that town, with an extenſive view of the Briſtol channel, in which are ſeen two ſmall Iſlands called the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on t'other ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the diviſions of fields in the Welſh coaſt. All this journey I performed on horſeback, and I am very much diſappointed that at preſent I feel myſelf ſo little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exerciſe for three months ſucceſſively, and really think I was as well without it; ſo that I begin to fear

the

the illneſs I have ſo long and ſo often complained of, is inherent in my conſtitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience [m].

As to your advice about writing Panegyric *, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent, as I have no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt reaſon of praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have ſeen no verſes on theſe ſublime occaſions: ſo that I have no emulation: let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myſelf unworthy.

I am, etc.

[m] Mr. Gay died the November following, at the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46 years. P.

* *Gay*, we ſee, would not take the advice his friend gave him to write ſome Panegyric. I think the Ducheſs of Queenſberry diſſuaded him from doing it, and that ſhe was not pleaſed with one of the laſt paragraphs of the *preceding* Letter.

What more mortifying than to ſee the abject flattery into which even men of genius and talents have ſometimes deſcended! While Louis XIV. was one day ſhewing his gardens at Marly to Cardinal de Polignac, they were overtaken in their walk by a ſudden ſhower of rain; and the King expreſſing his concern leſt the habit of the Cardinal ſhould be ſoiled by the wet; "Ah! Sire! (ſaid the Author of Anti-Lucretius) la pluie de Marly ne mouille pas."

LETTER XXV.

MR. CLELAND TO MR. GAY[n].

December 16, 1731.

I AM aſtoniſhed at the complaints occaſioned by a late Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington; and I ſhould be afflicted were there the leaſt juſt ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice at the time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and ſo far from being concealed as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with oſtentation as a Merit; I ſhould have been apprehenſive of the conſequence: had he ſatyrized gameſters of a hundred thouſand pounds fortune, acquired by ſuch methods as are in daily practice, and almoſt univerſally encouraged: had he over-warmly defended the Religion of his country, againſt ſuch books as come from every preſs, are publickly vended in every ſhop, and greedily bought by almoſt every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the ſame names which they openly beſtow on the greateſt men in the Miniſtry, and out of the Miniſtry, for which they are all unpuniſhed, and moſt rewarded: in

[n] This was written by the ſame hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publiſher*, prefixed to the Dunciad: and what hand that was, no one who reads this collection of Letters can be at a loſs to aſcertain. W.

It was by Pope himſelf.

in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better from this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no vice whatsoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which the Noble Lord, to whom it is written, must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for.

> Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
> Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
> The Lab'rer bears.

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favoured house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But,

But, they ſay, the ſatire is perſonal. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his houſe, gardens, etc. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the perſons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to ſay a thing is perſonal, is the ſame as to ſay it is unjuſt, not conſidering, that nothing can be juſt that is not perſonal. I am afraid that "all ſuch writings "and diſcourſes as touch no man, will mend no "man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like ſatire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reaſon, becauſe the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder thoſe who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward conſolation in moving it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the beſt characters. No wonder thoſe who are Food for Satiriſts ſhould rail at them as creatures of prey; every beaſt born for our uſe would be ready to call a man ſo.

I know no remedy, unleſs people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unleſs comedy were forſaken, ſatire ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems good in his own

eyes, as if there were no King, no Prieſt, no Poet, in Iſrael.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the perſon the moſt different in the world from a Man-hater, to the perſon whoſe taſte and encouragement of wit have often been ſhown in the righteſt place. The author of that epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been diſtinguiſhed by this very perſon.

Why, in God's name, muſt a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his noſe or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but muſt the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemiſh?

Could there be a more melancholy inſtance how much the taſte of the public is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable phyſic into poiſon, than if amidſt the blaze of a thouſand bright qualities in a great man, they ſhould only remark there is a ſhadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to one, whoſe whole life (to uſe his own expreſſion in print of him) is a *continued ſeries* of *good* and *generous actions*.

I know

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt pain or offence to any innocent perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the ſatire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whoſe cenſures are juſt, and who ſets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

My Lord, March 7, 1731.

THE clamour raiſed about my Epiſtle to you could not give me ſo much pain, as I received pleaſure in ſeeing the general zeal of the world in the cauſe of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerved this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the writer deſerved more candour, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villanous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty ſhould be ap-

plied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen would eſcape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble perſon's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conſcious, as, I fear, ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the Injury done to me, while his greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inſult offered to himſelf°.

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this ſort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: that would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as ſlander raiſed by fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my ſubject

° Alludes to the letter the Duke of Chandos wrote to Mr. Pope on this occaſion. P.

ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries; and, as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, etc.

LETTER XXVII[p].

Cirenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhip; they ſhew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forced to this Bath journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon: for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhould it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains

[p] To Mrs. B. W.

pains me, that I have never, ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me. This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſordered me, notwithſtanding my reſting place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in ſpirits all day long; I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: and if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than

the

the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world,) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that temper by ſacrificing yourſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt yourſelf your own: ſpirits would come in, as ill-uſage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and cheerfulneſs grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you. Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII[q].

YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater[r]. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So

[q] To the same. W.

[r] Mr. Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46. P.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me, now ſet farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous diſtemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though leſs in pain; for which laſt however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a Pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have ſo long lived with, or of one I have ſo long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the laſt we uſually think of, though the only one we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee me ſo equal-tempered and ſo quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and ſhe know nothing of it, for ſhe dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, leſt it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be aſſured I love you both, and be farther aſſured, that friendſhip will increaſe as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Twitenham, near Hampton Court,
July 23, 1726.

" Sir,

" I RECEIVED a Letter from you with ſatisfaction, " having long been deſirous of any occaſion of teſ- " tifying my regard for you, and particularly of ac- " knowledging the pleaſure your verſion of Vida's " Poetick had afforded me. I had it not indeed from " your Bookſeller, but read it with eagerneſs, & " think it both a correct, and a ſpirited tranſlation. " I am pleaſed to have been (as you tell me) ye oc- " caſion of y^r^ undertaking that work: that is ſome " ſort of merit; & if I have any in me, it really " conſiſts in an earneſt deſire to promote & produce, " as far as I can, that of others. But as to my being " ye publiſher, or any way concern'd in reviewing or " recommending of Lintot's Miſcellany, it is what I " never did in my life; tho' He (like ye reſt of his " Tribe) make a very free uſe of my name. He has " often reprinted my things, & ſo ſcurvily, that find- " ing he was doing ſo again, I corrected y^e^ ſheets, as " far as they went, of my own only: And being " told by him, y^t^ he had 2 or 3 copies of yours " (wch you had formerly ſent me (as he ſaid) thro' " his hands), I obliged him to write for y^r^ conſent,

" before he made uſe of 'em. This was all: y^r ſe-
" cond book he has juſt now delivered to me, y^e
" Inſcription of wch to myſelf I will take care he ſhall
" leave out, & either return ye reſt of your verſes to
" him, or not, as you ſhall like beſt. I am obliged to
" you, S^r, for expreſſing a much higher opinion of
" me than I know I deſerve. The freedom with w^ch
" you write is yet what obliges and pleaſes me more;
" & it is with ſincerity that I ſay, I w^d rather be thought
" by every ingenious man in ye world, his ſervant,
" than his rival.

" I am very much yours,

" A. POPE."

N. B. In a Letter from Mr. Spence to Mr. Pitt, dated Twickenham, Auguſt 2, 1728, is the following Poſtſcript:

" Sir, I take this opportunity of aſſuring you, you
" have at the place from whence this Letter is dated,
" a friend, and ſervant,

" A. POPE*."

* Our Author's mode of ſpelling is minutely copied in this Letter.

LETTER XXX.

TO HUGH BETHEL, ESQ.

July 12, 1723.

I ASSURE you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendlineſs is moſt welcome to me, who knew thoſe tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and profeſſions, which moſt people only give that they may receive; and is at beſt a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falſehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the ſort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I ſhould not think myſelf unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is ſome compliment, for I would rather moſt men did me a ſmall injury, than a kindneſs. I know your humanity, and, allow me to ſay, I love and value you for it: 'tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I ſee the world ſo fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally moſt admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand, much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors.

inferiors. But humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances.—Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſeys for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book[s] wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of Truth, and branched out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about *truth*, ſince this book appeared, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

[s] Mr. Wollaſton's excellent book of the *Religion of Nature delineated*. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, faſhionable. W.

Pope alſo read it attentively; as appears by many paſſages taken from it, in the Eſſay on Man.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

August 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the highway ſide, and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man. Eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others, whoſe neglect of him, whom they ſo groſsly followed and flattered in the former ſcene of his life, ſhewed them as worthleſs as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt enemies believed

lieved of him. For my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſſneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compoſed of.

Though you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pulled up, that I remembered ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf; ſo many weak, pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any one is in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: the ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl. I have

been

been very melancholy for the loſs of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions: but a good mind rewards its own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis.*—I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to ſtay out my leaſe; for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you could take up with an inn at Twitenham, as long as I am hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

June 24, 1727.

You are too humane and conſiderate (things few people can be charged with). Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing ſometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can riſe no higher than from re-

prieve

prieve to reprieve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the many ſhe has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe that will live for me, or conſume itſelf in my ſervice. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it coſts us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or ſhe at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be diſturbed for many things in this world: but thoſe offices that are neceſſary duties, either to our friends or ourſelves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and eaſe of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the higheſt pleaſure; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themſelves ever ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be owned, one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſeeing ſo often the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) through their own means[t]. But ſtill, I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The

[t] See Letter xxvii. from Cirenceſter. W.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened [u], puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new ſtate: the only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the diſparity of men from themſelves in a week's time: the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures: and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſolicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publiſhing my Boyiſh Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and, I am ſure, my opinion of your

[u] The Death of K. George the Firſt, which happened the 11th of June 1727. W.

your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear, to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of Diſſipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſenſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual

Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Diſagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſhed long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt entirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs them. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord, Auguſt 24, 1728.

I PRESUME you * may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and poſſibly ſome rational, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo fond of making compliment to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would ſay there are ſome very reaſonable and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half the year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am mine the whole year: and with all the diſadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from

* He was one of thoſe men, ſays Mr. *Walpole*, of careleſs wit and negligent grace, who ſcatter a thouſand bon mots and idle verſes, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors ſtare to find themſelves authors. Such was this Lord: of an advantageous figure, and enterpriſing ſpirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journies; for he is ſaid "to have ſeen more Kings and more poſtilions than any man in Europe." His enmity to the Duke of Marlborough, and his friendſhip with Pope, will preſerve his name, when his genius, too romantic to have laid a ſolid foundation for fame, and his politics, too diſintereſted for his age and country,

from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellations to the ſtyle of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be ſaid, by moſt modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and there are (my Lord) ſome circumſtances in which you would reſemble the Great Turk! The two Paradiſes are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muſſelmen.

We

ſhall be equally forgotten. He was a man, as his friend ſaid, "who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." Yet even particularities were becoming in him, as he had a natural eaſe that immediately adopted and ſaved from the air of affectation. He wrote

"La Muſe de Cavalier, or an Apology for ſuch Gentlemen as make Poetry their Diverſion, not their Buſineſs," in a letter from a Scholar of Mars, to one of Apollo, printed in the Public Regiſter, or Weekly Magazine, No. 3. p. 88, publiſhed by Dodſley, 1741.

"A ſevere Copy of Verſes on the Ducheſs of Marlborough; addreſſed to Mr. Harley after his Removal from Court."

He was author too of thoſe well-known lines which conclude,

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was
She!"

Four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's.

The account of the Earl's conduct in Spain, taken from his original letters and papers, was drawn up by Dr. Friend, and publiſhed in 1707, octavo.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Miniſters, I dare ſay, have leſs to do. Our weekly hiſtories are only full of the feaſts given to the Queen and royal Family by their ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her Majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, through modeſty, through idleneſs, and through reſpect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man * will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

* Let thoſe who are overfond of cenſuring great men, at every turn and on every occaſion, attend to the remarkable words that Cardinal Richlieu ſpoke to Marſhal Fabert: "In your ſituation of life, it is eaſy for you to diſtinguiſh your friends from your enemies. No diſguiſe prevents you from diſcerning the difference with accuracy. But in my ſituation, it is impoſſible for me to penetrate into their real ſentiments. They all hold to me the ſame language, they make their court to me with the ſame earneſtneſs, and thoſe who ſecretly wiſh to deſtroy me, give me as many viſible proofs of their friendſhip, as thoſe who are truly attached to my intereſt."

LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

I MUST confeſs *, that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe Gardens ſo fixed in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurprized me; Immenſity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake: why will you imagine women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have ſeen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the middle of her Lent [x], would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake, which hindered me ſhewing your letter to a friend; when

* The eaſe and pleaſantry of this Letter, ſo far preferable to the ſtudied paragraphs of *Pope*, is a proof of what was ſaid above, of the ſuperiority of many of his Correſpondent's Letters to his own. The ſame may be ſaid of Letters 37, 38, 39.

[x] The Counteſs of Peterborow, a Roman Catholic. W.

when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieus and ſuch folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, though in jeſt. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your eſteem of that moſt noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Lazineſs: no man ſure could blame my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXVI.

You were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you, you did it (as all Polemics do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is unconteſted. Venus herſelf could allow Minerva to be Goddeſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herſelf thought) on a better account. I do ſay that Lady P* is a reaſonable woman; and I think ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt upon eſteeming her, inſtead of toaſting her like a ſilly thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe days. I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reaſonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have ſhewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the truſt you repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief might

might not I have done you with ſome that affect that denomination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely have ſpoken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puffed againſt Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the ſeas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearſal,

> I'll give him ſlaſh for ſlaſh—
> I'll give him daſh for daſh—

But all now is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, and Halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection bring you to town. I fear it will a little raiſe your envy to find all the Muſes employed in celebrating a Royal work[y], which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhime all Eaton and Weſtminſter. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expenſive: but the ſame hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all elſe ſhould fail, you are ſure at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of your ſervant.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon:

[y] The Hermitage. W.

ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they ſay, 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my Lord, ſhould be pricked on by any old-faſhioned notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned: and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigged out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters * with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs,

* In a curious and original Letter, which I have read by the favour of the late Duchefs *Dowager* of *Portland*, *Prior* ſpeaks thus ſlightingly of the *veracity* of this celebrated Earl, to Lord *Oxford*, dated *February* 10, 1714.

"Lord *Peterborow*," ſays he, "is gone from *Genoa* in an open boat—that's *one*; 300 miles by ſea—that's *two*; that he was forced aſhore twenty times by Tempeſts and Majorkeens to lie among the rocks—that's—*how many*, my Lord Treaſurer?"

glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſſed with the thoughts of a Birth-day, or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the birth day. Where you ſhewed one letter, you may ſhew the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me polemic, or aſſociate me to any ſect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues or to the Pacific Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over [z] Barkley in vain, and find, after a ſtroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myſelf to is, to bear mortification from the Fair Sex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way; you know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men

[z] Barkley's Apology for the Quakers. P.

men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's: Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himſelf.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

WHENEVER you apply as a good Papiſt to your female Mediatrix*, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to mother church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination.

Your Idea of the Golden age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content

* Lady Peterborow, a rigid Papiſt.

tent with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to myſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe ourſelves! Why is our Shepherdeſs * in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journies before hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be ſprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount *, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold

* Mrs. H. W.

* This year Lord *Peterborow* and *Pope* paid a viſit from Southampton to Wincheſter College, and gave prizes to the ſcholars for the

hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt confeſs, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms: nay at worſt many good men hold, that for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well; I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth [b], and a ſaucy love for my Country.

When

the beſt copy of verſes that ſhould be written, on a ſubject propoſed to them by Mr. Pope himſelf—*The Campaign of Valentia.*—The prizes were ſets of *Pine*'s Horace. *Hampton*, the excellent Tranſlator of Polybius, at that time very young, gained one of theſe prizes: Mr. *Whitehead* another.

[b] As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the Year 1696-7. W.

When a chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt Common Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit: I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, etc.

LETTER XL.

DR. SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord,

I NEVER knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your Lordſhip: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the Scenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced Courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an Admiral on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of Court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of

the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate, under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, etc.

LETTER XLI.

TO * * * * *[c].

September 13.

I BELIEVE you are by this time immerſed in your vaſt wood; and one may addreſs to you as to a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, or the Self-taught Philoſopher[d]. I ſhould be very curious to know what ſort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of thoſe I mentioned, gave himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celeſtial bodies. I don't think it at all impoſſible that Mr. L. may be far advanced in that exerciſe, by frequent turns towards the ſeveral aſpects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleaſed to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtleſs come not to deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he ſeems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricae.* I wiſh myſelf with you both, whether you are in peace or at war,

[c] Lord Bathurſt. W.

[d] The title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan; written to explain and recommend the myſtic Theology of the Mahometans, in all reſpects the ſame with the Myſticiſm of Chriſtian Fanatics. W.

war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth conſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion your Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquieſced at night, in the beſt concluſion of which human reaſon ſeems capable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And ſo we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, by a Viſion in bed. But laying aſide Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church; when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood about deſigning a princely garden. Several Critics were of ſeveral opinions: one declared he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping nature[c]: another told them that Gravel-walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of a looſe ſand: a third adviſed* peremptorily

[c] An expreſſion of Sir T. H. W.

* Here are ſome curious obſervations on Gardening, and the art of laying out grounds, written before *Kent*'s improvements in this art.

emptorily there ſhould not be one Lime-tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proſcribed, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſsly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear Ever-greens, and called them Never-greens; ſome who were angry at them only when cut into ſhapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Evergreen Taylors; ſome who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt-hedges, which they called green walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing. Sure ſuch a taſte is like ſuch a ſtomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, another hates Paſtorals, all little wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the ſame in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furniſhed, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord *, who is a zealous, yet a charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a taſte as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to

wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you.

I am, etc.

LETTER XLII.

TO MR. C——.

September 2, 1732.

I ASSURE you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince: but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct, to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs. ———, and I have often hinted it to yourſelf: the truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have

now no further cauſe of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no further pain; ſhe is no longer an object either of yours or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done her are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concerned in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet ſtronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expreſſing my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare while there are Curls in the world. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Booksellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondences; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends would ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end thoſe trifling letters, which can be to them but a

day's

day's amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the foreſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcribblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party-papers, and their authors*. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, I ſhould certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-houſe, I have often wiſhed it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a Chriſtian to wiſh I ſhould have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any act or thought, in prejudice of the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your

* Conſidering certain topics that have very lately been ſo eagerly diſcuſſed by many political writers, it is to be wiſhed they had attentively read and conſidered what Plato has ſaid, in the ſixth Book of his Laws, concerning exceſſive riches, or exceſſive poverty, in a well-ordered ſtate; and alſo what Ariſtotle has obſerved, in the ſeventh Chapter of the ſeventh Book of his Politics, that perhaps all nations are not equally fit or qualified to enjoy Liberty.

your family, that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, though not ſo much as I would be in teſtimonies or writing,

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 13, 1732.

I HAVE at laſt got my mother ſo well, as to allow myſelf to be abſent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propoſe to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil*, the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of ſerving God, by the talent he gave him. I am ſure, in this inſtance, it is ſerving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or aſs) on the Sabbath: which, though it may ſeem a general precept,

* Dr. Johnſon extorted a promiſe from Sir Joſhua Reynolds, never to paint on a Sunday.

precept, yet in one ſenſe particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human aſs, to the likeneſs of man, not to ſay of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, (the happineſs of which ties I know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of loſing the beſt of mine,)

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead [f]. I thank God, her death was as eaſy, as her life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay, almoſt of Pleaſure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt image of a Saint expired, that ever Painting drew *: and it would

[f] Mrs. Pope died the ſeventh of June, 1733, aged 93. W.

* One of the beſt of Richardſon's portraits is that of our Author, of which an engraving is prefixed to this edition; now in the poſſeſſion

would be the greateſt obligation which even that obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you would come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night, I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, etc.

ſion of Mr. *Way*, and formerly in Dr. Mead's Collection; who wrote under it the two following indifferent, harſh lines:

Popius, ingenio, doctrinâ & carminis arte,
Non habet, invidia hoc nec neget ipſa, parem.

The only piece of our Author's own painting, is the Head of Betterton, in the poſſeſſion of the Earl of Mansfield.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

IT is hardly poſſible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, ſo much the ſame! and which (alas, for mortality!) will out-laſt the other. Poſterity will, through your means, ſee the man whom it will for ages honour[ε], vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already ſaid in the eſſay to which you are ſo partial)

The ſons ſhall bluſh the fathers were his foes.

That eſſay has many faults, but the poem you ſent me has but one, and that I can eaſily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither——but all in good time. I'm glad you publiſh your Milton*. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too ſhortly for what I could not help, a Satirical Poem on Verbal Criticiſm by Mr. Mallet, which he has inſcribed to me; but the Poem itſelf is good† (another cauſe of anger to

[ε] Lord Bolingbroke. W.

* In which are many judicious and curious remarks, though adulterated with ſome that are trifling enough.

† The Poem was a very fulſome piece of flattery to Pope, and a pretty exact imitation of his manner, and contained much contemptible and illiberal abuſe of many uſeful and illuſtrious critics, with

to any Critic). As for myſelf, I reſolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral courſe, taking no ſort of notice of man's anger, or woman's ſcandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu*.

with whom Mallet was little acquainted. Mallet never forgave, and did ſome ill offices, eſpecially with Lord Melcombe, to the Author of the Eſſay on the Genius of Pope, who unluckily cited his Amyntor and Theodora, as containing ſome examples of falſe writing and unnatural images. Mallet's Life of Lord Bacon was too highly commended by Cheſterfield, and his friends. He once intended to write the Hiſtory of the Excluſion Bill.

* Mr. Richardſon, ſen. the Painter, ſays, "that one day Mr. Pope aſked him, how he liked that kind of writing in which proſe and verſe were mixed together, as in the works of St. Evremond and others?" "I told him," adds he, "that I liked it well for off-hand occaſional productions." "Why," replied he, "I have thoughts of turning out ſome ſketches I have by me, of various accidents and reflections, in this manner." In one of his letters he gives an account of an excurſion he made to Briſtol from Bath, "the idleſt and the buſieſt cities in England." He mentioned the Cartoon of Raphael that is at Badminton, but does not ſeem to have attended to the Guido's that are there, nor to the curious ſatirical Picture of Salvator Roſa, for which he was obliged to quit Rome. Neither does he mention the very fine Cartoon of Raphael repreſenting the Maſſacre of the Innocents, that was in the poſſeſſion of the late ingenious Mr. Hoare of Bath.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, November 21.

EVERY thing was welcome to me in your kind letter, except the occaſion of it, the confinement you are under. I am glad you count the days when I do not ſee you: but it was but half an one that I was in town upon buſineſs with Dr. Mead, and returned to render an account of it.

I ſhall in the courſe of the winter probably be an evening viſitant to you, if you ſit at home, though I hope it will not be by compulſion or lameneſs. We may take a cup of ſack together, and chatter like two parrots, which are at leaſt more reputable and manlike animals than the graſshoppers, to which Homer likens old men.

I am glad you ſleep better. I ſleep in company, and wake at night, which is vexatious: if you did ſo, you at your age would make verſes. As to my health, it will never mend; but I will complain leſs of it, when I find it incorrigible.

But for the news of my quitting Twit'nam for Bath, enquire into my years, if they are paſt the bounds of dotage? Aſk my eyes, if they can ſee, and my noſtrils if they can ſmell? To prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and ſilver Thames, and brimſtone and

fogs

fogs to roſes and ſun-ſhine. When I arrive at theſe ſenſations, I may ſettle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt, further than to live juſt out of the ſulphurous pit, and at the edge of the fogs at Mr. Allen's, for a month or ſo. I like the place ſo little, that health itſelf ſhould not draw me thither, though friendſhip has twice or thrice.

Having anſwered your queſtions, I deſire to hear if you have any commands. If the firſt be to come to you, it's probable I ſhall, before you can ſend 'em ſo round about as to Twit'nam, for I have lived of late at Batterſea. Adieu!

Your's, etc.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MR. BETHEL*.

Auguſt 9, 1733.

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The

* Hugh Bethel, Eſq. was a gentleman of family and fortune in Yorkſhire, who is celebrated in two fine lines in the Eſſay on Man, b. iv. l. 125. on account of the aſthma with which he was afflicted. The late Alderman was of the ſame family; and the eſtate was lately held by Capt. C. Codrington, a brother of Sir William, who took the name of Bethel.

The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which would not have ſuited that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am therefore wandering about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley, (whoſe maſter is your ſervant,) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nham I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our friend [h], who deſerves more quiet, and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope, Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you, (I fear,) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in

[h] Mrs. B. W.

in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach: beſides that, in this age, I ſee too few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO ——[1].

September 7, 1733.

You cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I paſſed once a great deal of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twit'nham, whenever I paſs near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. . I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a wit; beſides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cauſe of it,) I'll put them out for nobody but a friend; and, I proteſt, it brings tears

[1] Mrs. B. W.

tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know, is to ſay things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt ſpeeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of conſequence: the reſt, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all downhill: and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lie down eaſy whenever the Night ſhall overtake us.

I dreamed all laſt night of ——. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſame misfortune; and (with all his good-breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another, who, I believe, could promiſe, and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter; and not

ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for yourſelf, whether before or after I leave you, (the only way I ever ſhall leave you,) you muſt determine; but reflect, that the firſt would make me, as well as yourſelf, happier; the latter could make you only ſo. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

I LITTLE doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerved by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies; beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As

As for you, my good friend, I think, ſince our firſt acquaintance, there have not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips: I am ſure, not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for thoſe talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhips; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my laſt Requeſt, that you will continue that Noble Diſdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you ſeem naturally endued with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe*, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurſt I have always honoured, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: pray, give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe, it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be

Your, etc.

* A very ſenſible and important piece of advice; which our Poet, however, did not follow, and gives his reaſons for not obſerving his excellent friend's ſalutary admonition, in the ſucceeding Letter. But the reaſons are not ſo ſolid as the admonition.

LETTER L.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſhed yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, but by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That Diſdain and Indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with ſhadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home Examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples

are

are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterred. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raiſed the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, have appeared touched by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters[k] I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve them, 'tis evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of the day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter: and as to private villany, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſſination, as in a Libel.

[k] The Character of Sporus in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot. W.

a Libel[1]. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I ſhall not forfeit it; for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it; but if through miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satiriſts than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the ſuffering Party too, that they favoured and diſtinguiſhed Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modeſt to imagine my Panegyrics were incenſe worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offered any. I would only have obſerved, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satiriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies,

[1] See the Letter to a Noble Lord, vol. iii. p. 339. W.

lies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſſed: and in the latter that Lucan was put to death *, and Juvenal baniſhed.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which, I know, will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to

* We muſt be compelled to own, that the integrity of *Lucan* and *Juvenal*, though not their Genius, was ſuperior to that of Horace and Virgil; and that the Death of one, and the Exile of the other, confers on them more real honour, than all the favors laviſhed on the other *two* great *Court Poets*. Lucan, notwithſtanding Quintilian thinks he ought to be numbered rather among Hiſtorians than Poets, is a writer that abounds in new and noble images, and in manly, patriotic ſentiments.

to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy [m].

LETTER LI.

MR. MALLET TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

WHAT you are pleaſed to obſerve concerning the work I am engaged in, (the Life of Marlborough,) is a truth never out of my thoughts; whether I am alone or in company. When I am obliged to mix with the very futile converſation of the dulleſt of mankind, thoſe who think and talk only from Magazines and Newſpapers, even then, the recalling from time to time what I have learnt from your Lordſhip's converſation, preſerves the tone of my mind, and brings up thoſe trains of ideas which your Lordſhip's converſation has impreſſed deeply. But I am haſtening home, to give myſelf up entirely to what will require all my application, as well as my ſevereſt attention; and next week I propoſe myſelf the honour of kiſſing your Lordſhip's hands at Batterſea.

Every mark of the friendſhip your Lordſhip is pleaſed to honour me with, will be received by me with

[m] This excellent perſon died Feb. 1734-5.

with equal regard and ſatisfaction. Nor can it be otherwiſe. No man ever reverenced the virtues, or admired the talents of another, more ſincerely than I admire thoſe which place you at the head of all your contemporaries; and yet *(for the ſake of my country)* I could almoſt wiſh (I know your Lordſhip does heartily) that I had reaſon to ſhare this veneration, amongſt many, which is almoſt confined to one.

Warburton's impudent edition (for he has enlarged into *nine volumes* what the Author could but juſt with ſome art ſpin into *ſix*) I ran over during the two days I have ſtay'd in Bath, and I entirely agree with what your Lordſhip has reſolved upon it. He has not only changed the ſituation of many verſes in his Author, but has certainly fathered upon him ſome of his own. I know them by *the mark* of the beaſt.

Extract of a Letter of Dr. Warburton.

" With regard to Mr. Mallet's declaration, there " is only one way to convince me he is not the Au- " thor of that infamous Libel, which is, by taking an " opportunity of diſowning it publicly. I think my " honour concerned that it be publicly known, that I " had no hand in the Letter to Lord Bolingbroke, " merely on account of the Apollo Story, and I ſhall " do it on the firſt occaſion. If Mr. M. does not do " the ſame with regard to this Libel, I ſhall conſider " him as the Author of it, and act in conſequence of

" this

" this belief. This I desire you would let Mr. Mallet " know, and, if he chuses, let him have a transcript " of what I here say." On the back of the copy of of this Letter Mr. Mallet wrote, " N. B. I never took " the slightest notice of this impudent and silly threaten- " ing Letter from Warburton. The writer I had no " reason to be afraid of—the man I abhorred. A " head filled with paradoxes unproved and unprove- " able; a heart overflowing with virulence and the " most studious malice. N. B. I never wrote a " pamphlet, nor a sentence in any pamphlet, concern- " ing this wrong-headed dogmatical pedant."

LETTER LII.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. POPE,
ON THE THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Dear Pope,

Too late I see, and confess myself mistaken in rela- tion to the Comedy; yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mum- my, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it. I can't help laughing myself, (though the vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ridiculous,) to think how the poor monster and mummy were dashed at their reception; and when the cry was loudest, I

thought

thought that if the thing had been written by another, I ſhould have deemed the town in ſome meaſure miſtaken; and as to your apprehenſion that this may do us future injury, do not think of it; the Doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by any thing of this nature, and yours is doubly ſafe. I will, if any ſhame there be, take it all to myſelf, and indeed I ought, the motion being firſt mine, and never heartily approved by you.

LETTER LIII.

I WILL not deſcribe Blenheim in particular, not to foreſtal your expectations before you ſee it: only take a ſhort account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjuſt one. I never ſaw ſo great a thing with ſo much littleneſs in it: I think the architect built it entirely in complaiſance to the taſte of its owners; for it is the moſt inhoſpitable thing imaginable, and the moſt ſelfiſh: it has, like their own hearts, no room for ſtrangers, and no reception for any perſon of ſuperior quality to themſelves. There are but juſt two apartments, for the maſter and miſtreſs, below; and but two apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole houſe. When you look upon the outſide, you'd think it large enough for a prince; when you ſee the inſide, it is too little for

for a ſubject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a houſe of entries and paſſages; among which there are three viſta's through the whole, very uſeleſsly handſome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but ſpoiled by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the ſight of ſeveral of the windows. There are two ordinary ſtair-caſes inſtead of one great one. The beſt things within the houſe are the hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under-ground, which are the moſt commodious, and the beſt contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are ſeveral cupola's and little turrets, that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What ſeems of the beſt taſte, is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with theſe turrets. The two ſides of the building are entirely ſpoiled by two monſtrous bow-windows, which ſtand juſt in the middle, inſtead of doors: and, as if it were fatal, that ſome trifling littleneſs ſhould every where deſtroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two ſemi-circles of a lower ſtructure than the reſt, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purpoſely deſigned to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a moſt expenſive abſurdity; and the Duke of Shrewſbury gave a true character of it, when he ſaid, it was a great quarry of ſtones above ground.

We

We paid a viſit to the Spring where Roſamond bathed herſelf; on a hill, where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toaſted her ſhade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, ſcarce ſo cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, etc.

LETTER LIV.

MR. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

My Lord, September 22, 1732.

IT was a grief to me not to be able to ſnatch one day more to be happy with you, before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myſelf, within a week after, obliged to do that for buſineſs which I could not for pleaſure, for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens*. I am extremely ſenſible, my Lord, of the many great diſtinctions you have ſhewn me, the original of all which I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my reſpect was too ſincere to be expreſt in poetry: and if, from the continuance of your good opinion I may derive ſome imagination that you thought me not a worſe man than a poet, it is a greater obligation to me perſonally,

than

than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men I no leſs eſteem and love the ſon, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite diſpleaſing. If any objection to the manner of it occur to your Lordſhip, I depend on you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me ſo. Otherwiſe I will interpret your ſilence as a conſent to let me acquaint every body that I am, (what I truly feel myſelf) my Lord, your ever affectionate and obliged humble ſervant.

My Lady and Lady Margaret don't know how much I am theirs, unleſs your Lordſhip will tell them you believe it of me; and my poor old woman heartily (though feebly) expreſſes her ſervice to you all.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

My Lord, October 20, 1733.

I AM returned a week ſince from my Lord Peterborow, with whom I paſt three weeks as agreeably and as healthfully as I ever did in my life. I was not a little diſappointed to find your Lordſhip in London, though, conſidering the fine weather, and how late in the ſea-

ſon you enjoyed it, I ought not to lament an abſence which muſt both give you health and pleaſure. Your houſe I found totally at my ſervice, and took up my choice (like a young and ambitious man) in no room of it but Lady Margaret's. How much might I ſay upon that ſubject, were I a poet! but the misfortune of being what ſeldom conſiſts with that character, a baſhful and backward man, keeps me ſilent. I ſhall be little in town (if at all) till your return, and, in truth, ſince I came home, I have had my health ſo ill, that I muſt in a manner live by myſelf; and think I muſt either lead ſuch a life as I did at Southampton, which is inconſiſtent with a town life, or lock myſelf up from all converſible hours while I am in town. I beg to hear a line of your ſatisfactions and amuſements, for of your ſtate of health I am daily informed by your honeſt porter: but the other he knows not, and I am not quite contented without it. That all enjoyments may be yours, and all good things attend your whole worthy family, is the ſincere prayer always of, my Lord, your faithfulleſt ſervant.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

My Lord, December 26, 1733.

I SINCERELY wiſh yourſelf, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, the happieſt New Years to come. I have ſo many things to tell you, that I can tell you none, and therefore I am inclined not to write at all. Whatever I can ſay of my zealous deſires for your felicity, is ſhort of the truth; and as to the reſt, it is too long a ſtory to begin till I have the pleaſure to meet your Lordſhip, and can at the ſame time make an end of it.

This I writ a week ago, and having nothing more material to ſay, was aſhamed to ſend it. But ſeeing they can't tell me when you return to town, I was reſolved not to let the ſeaſon paſs without ſending you all this poor wiſh at leaſt. I hope my Lady Oxford is perfectly well, though I heard ſhe has not been ſo, notwithſtanding your porter has often told me all was well at Wimpole. Believe me to be with the trueſt eſteem and unalterable ſincerity, my Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt obedient, affectionate, and obliged ſervant.

If Lord Duplin be with you, I hope he will accept my humble ſervices.

LETTER LVII.

TO JOHN VANDR. BEMPDEN, ESQ. PRESENT.

SIR, Thurſday.

UPON what you told me when I was laſt to wait on you, I deferred treating further for the rent-charge, till you could be more certain what ſum you could conveniently raiſe in preſent, towards the purchaſe. If there were only 3 or 400l. wanting, we would take your bond; for as to a mortgage on the rent-charge, my father is not qualified to take it; for by an Act of Parliament he cannot buy land, though he may ſell. However, if you deſire to make the purchaſe ſoon, I believe I have a friend who will lend you the 1000l. on the ſame ſecurity you offer us. If you have any other ſcruple, you'll pleaſe to tell it me fairly; but if this purchaſe be convenient to you, we ſhall think of treating with no other, and be ready upon your anſwer; ſince I think what I here propoſe, entirely accommodates all the difficulty you ſeem to be at. I am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. JERVAS.

No date.

I BEG you to let me know if you have any thoughts of your Devonſhire journey this ſummer. If you have, I will ſtay for you, and let Mr. Forteſcue and Gay travel together. This reſolution muſt be made with ſome haſte, becauſe they go next week, and I ſhall want time to prepare. I thought Mrs. Cecil had receipts before. The names of Lady Ranelagh and Lady Cavendiſh were inſerted long ſince in the liſt.

You may tell Mr. Rollinſon that Gay was not ſure he ſhould go to Lord Bolingbroke's when he came hither; or help him to ſome excuſe, for his neglect was ſcandalous, and has given him much vexation of ſpirit.

I ſhould have been glad to have had the Report of the Committee, and have ſince writ to Lintott for it. If the Whigs now ſay, that B. is the hero of my preface, the Tories ſaid (you may remember) three years ago, that Cato was the hero of my poetry. It looks generous enough to be always on the ſide of the diſtreſſed; and my patrons of the other party may expect great panegyrics from me when they come to be impeached by the future party rage of their oppo-

nents.

nents. To compliment thoſe who are *dead in law*, is as much above the imputation of flattery, as Tickell ſays it is, to compliment thoſe who are really *dead*. And perhaps too there is as much *vanity* in my praiſing Bolingbroke, as in his praiſing Halifax. No people in the world are ſo apt to give themſelves airs as authors.

I have received the report, but have not yet had time to read any of it. I have gone through the 5th, 6th, and 7th books, except a ſmall part of the latter end of the 6th.—Pray tell me if you hear any thing ſaid about Mr. Tickell's, or my tranſlation, if the town be not too much taken up with great affairs, to take any notice of either.

I hold the reſolution I told you in my laſt, of ſeeing you if you cannot take a trip hither before I go. But I would fain flatter myſelf ſo far as to fancy we might travel together. Pray give me a line by Saturday's poſt.

I am at all times, and in all reigns, whatever be the fate of the world, or of myſelf, ſincerely and affectionately, Dear Mr. JERVAS,

Yours, etc.

All here moſt truly your ſervants.

LETTER LIX.

TO JABEZ HUGHES*, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE read over again your brother's play†, with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever.

I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author.

I am, etc.

LETTER LX.

TO MR. DENNIS.

SIR, May 3, 1721.

I CALLED to receive the two books of your letters § from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little

* This Letter to Mr. *Hughes*, with the excellent character of his deceased brother, being so contradictory to one addressed to Dean Swift, in which he says, The author of the Siege of Damascus was of the class of the mediocribus in prose and verse, made it necessary to sink the first.

† The Siege of Damascus, written by John Hughes, Esq. who died Feb. 17, 1719, the first night of its representation.

§ These books were intitled, Original Letters, familiar, moral, and critical. In two volumes 8vo.

little money I am in your debt. I look upon myſelf to be much more ſo, for the "omiſſions you have "been pleaſed to make in thoſe Letters in my favour, "and ſincerely join with you in the deſire, that not "the leaſt traces may remain of that difference be-"tween us, which indeed I AM SORRY FOR." You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falſeneſs, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXI.

TO HIS FATHER.

Dear Sir,

THIS is to beg you would enquire of Mrs. Clark, if ſhe will board a family for the ſummer in her houſe, and at what rate? Be pleaſed alſo to aſk at the houſe over againſt ours, Mr. Gaſcoin's ſiſter, if ſhe will board, &c. and how many beds there are to be let there, and the loweſt rate? and ſend word by the firſt poſt you can to me. I am very well, and beg you both to believe me moſt affectionately,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE recovered the ten guineas at Sir Richard Hoare's. Dr. Arbuthnot ſays, ſince my mother is better, to cure the bitterneſs ſhe complains of, ſhe ſhould chew rhubarb and ſnake-root, about half a dram each morning, for two or three days, inſtead of a vomit. But if ſhe will venture a vomit, not. Carduus tea can do no harm, even if ſhe ſhould not vomit.

I have ſold 500l. at 100l. which was bad luck, ſince it might have been parted with yeſterday and to-day at 101l. and a half. I hope ſoon to ſee you, but deſire an account how my mother does, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER LXIII.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Dear Brother, Saturday.

I HOPE to be with you on Monday next: if you don't ſee me that night, I deſire you to ſend a man and horſe (ſuch a one as I may ride ſafely) on Tueſ-

day

day morning to the Toy by Hampton Court gate by ten o'clock, and I will not fail to wait upon you; which being all the buſineſs of this letter, I ſhall add no more, than that I am my ſiſter's and

Yours moſt affectionately.

LETTER LXIV.

TO HIS SISTER.

Dear Siſter, Twickenham, Auguſt 1.

THE buſineſs of this is to acquaint you with my intentions of ſending for you with the chariot on Thurſday or Friday next, in order to get you hither. I have named the lateſt day that I could poſſibly allow you to ſtay from us, being obliged to lend the chariot upon a journey on Saturday. We will take no denial, and therefore expect no excuſe, or anſwer to the contrary, from you. If I hear nothing (as I hope I ſhan't) it ſhall certainly come one of the days aforeſaid: ſo pray be in readineſs. My hearty love to you both, and my mother's kindeſt remembrances. I am always, dear ſiſter,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXV.

FROM MRS. M. BLOUNT.

SIR, Sunday Morning.

MY ſiſter and I ſhall be at home all day: if any company come that you don't like, I'll go up into any room with you: I hope we ſhall ſee you.

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. GAY.

Dear Mr. Gay,

ABOVE all other news, ſend us the beſt, that of your good health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. Harcourt made us very much fear. If you have any deſign either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you ſhould not want room though I lay myſelf in a truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converſe with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their cuſtoms, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done: the Doctor, laſt Sunday, intending to ſay Our Father, was got half way in Chryſes' prayer to Apollo. The ill effects of contention and ſquabbling, ſo lively

deſcribed

deſcribed in the firſt Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myſelf continue in the moſt exemplary union in every thing. We deſerve to be worſhipped by all the poor, divided, factious, intereſted poets of this world.

As we riſe in our ſpeculations daily, we are grown ſo grave, that we have not condeſcended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a ſeverity of aſpect from deep meditation on high ſubjects, equal to the formidable front of black-browed Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I aſſent to ſome grave and weighty propoſition of the Doctor, or inforce a criticiſm of my own. In a word, Y—g himſelf has not acquired more tragic majeſty in his aſpect by reading his own verſes, than I by Homer's.

In this ſtate I cannot conſent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burleſque you write about. Dr. Parnelle alſo joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmoſt fidelity and eſteem) my hearty ſervice to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Forteſcue. Let them alſo know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Buçoliaſt!

THY LOVING COUNTRYMAN.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, October 23.

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with ſickneſs of late, which has made me ſo melancholy, that the immortality of the ſoul has been my conſtant ſpeculation, as the mortality of my body my conſtant plague. In good earneſt, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illneſs.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonſon's Miſcellany with ſome very beautiful copies, at my requeſt. He enters heartily into our deſign: I only fear his ſtay in town may chance to be but ſhort. Dr. Swift much approves what I propoſed, even to the very title, which I deſign ſhall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, publiſhed monthly, in which whatever book appears that deſerves praiſe, ſhall be depreciated ironically, and in the ſame manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grub-ſtreet.

I ſhall go into the country about a month hence, and ſhall then deſire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to conſider it at full leiſure. I am deeply engaged in poetry, the particulars whereof ſhall be deferred till we meet.

I am very deſirous of ſeeing Mr. Forteſcue when he comes to town, before his journey; if you can

any

any way acquaint him of my deſire, I believe his good-nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all ſincerity, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

My Deare, Tueſday, 12 o'clock.

A Letter from your ſiſter yuſt now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charls Rackitt, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not ſend it. He will not faile to cole here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaſter. He ſhall dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-ſtreet; but the day will be unſirton, ſoe I thinck you had better to ſend itt to me. He will not faile to cole here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your ſiſter is very well, but your brother is not. Theres Mr. Blunt, of *mapill Durom*, is ded; the ſame day that Mr. Ingle-field died. My ſirvis to Mrs. Blunts, and all that aſk of me. I hope to here from you, and that you are well, which is my dalye prayers; this, with my bleſ-ing,

I am, etc.

☞ *It appears from manuſcripts of Mr.* POPE, *that he occaſionally indulged his affectionate and amiable mother in*

in tranſcribing ſome part of his Iliad *for the preſs; and the numerous corrections made in his own hand, ſufficiently ſhew, that her mode of ſpelling gave him more trouble than the ſubſequent inaccuracy of his printers. The pleaſure ſuch a good old woman muſt have felt in writing over verſes, which ſhe juſtly thought would confer immortality on her ſon, is more eaſy to be conceived than expreſſed; while his willingneſs to ſupport her in the enjoyment of a fancied conſequence, affords a glimpſe of that filial tenderneſs, which forms perhaps the moſt captivating trait in his whole character.*

LETTER LXIX.

FROM MR. TONSON.

SIR, Gray's-Inn-Gate, April 20, 1706.

I HAVE lately ſeen a Paſtoral of yours in Mr. Walſh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the beſt judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly ſeen you at my ſhop, and am ſorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you deſign your poem for the preſs, no perſon ſhall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXX.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, December 23, 1724.

I CANNOT poſſibly ſee you at Twitnam myſelf. I have therefore ſent you the Preface from Lord Cobham, and a proof of the Monument with the draft. I requeſt the favour of you to ſettle the Inſcription as you would have it, and return it to me, then the plate may be worked. I do aſſure you I ſhall always be very glad to oblige and ſerve you all in my power, and am,

Your, etc.

I was with the Speaker yeſterday; he told me you had promiſed to dine with him at Chiſwick in the holydays, and bring your Preface (with ſome alterations) with you. After that, I beg to have it, for I am impatient to publiſh.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

YOU have, encloſed, the account of the profit of —— works. For the books ſold I have allowed you all the money I have received, and the binding,

ing, etc. I have charged at the price it coſt me. You will pleaſe to call and bring with you the agreement between us, which may be executed.—I will give you my note to deliver the books left when required. I wiſh you would ſend me the Merchant of Venice by the waterman.

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Thurſday, eleven at night.

I HAVE juſt now received yours, and indeed it is not my fault I have not ſeen you, having been hindered by buſineſs I could not help minding; but I will not fail ſeeing you on Sunday morning early, but muſt return to dinner, having a little company to dine with me that day. Do but excuſe me till I ſee you, and I will ſatisfy you that I have not neglected you. As for Shakſpear, Watts's brother died lately, which has hindered his buſineſs a little; but now things will go on better.

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. LINTOTT.

SIR,

PRAY ſend Mr. Broom the ſheets of all the notes that are printed, that he may avoid the repetitions, etc. but I would not have the poetry ſent, knowing the conſequences of its being ſhown about to every body before it's publiſhed, which I will not have done; nor, I ſuppoſe, would you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIV.

FROM MR. LINTOTT.

SIR, June 10, 1715.

YOU have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the converſation of thoſe who have ſpare moments from politics.

Sir John Germain has his book.

All your books are delivered purſuant to the directions, the middle of the week after you left us.

The Princeſs is extremely pleaſed with her book.

You

You ſhall have your folios preſerved.

Mr. Broom I have not heard from.

Pray detain me not from publiſhing my own book, having delivered the greateſt part of the ſubſcribers already upwards of four hundred.

I deſigned to publiſh Monday ſevennight. Pray interrupt me not with an errata.

I doubt not the ſale of Homer, if you do not diſappoint me by delaying publication.

Your, etc.

Service to Mr. Gay.

Lord Bolingbroke is impeached this night.

The noiſe the report makes does me ſome preſent damage.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, June 22, 1715.

THE hurry I have been in by the report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it publiſhed, has prevented the publication of Homer for the preſent, till the noiſe be over; and thoſe whom I expected to be very noiſy on account of your tranſlation, are buried in politics.

Mr. Thornhill ſent to me for his own book, which he paid for to you, as he ſays, and paid me eight guineas of the ſubſcriptions of

Sarah, Counteſs of Winchelſea.
Mrs. Seymour.
Berkley Seymour, Eſq.
Charles Frotherby, Eſq.

Mr. Harcourt and Lord Harcourt have had thirteen books to their houſe, ten of which were of the fineſt paper.

I will obſerve your directions about Mr. Broome. The ſecond volume of Homer ſhall be ſent in a day or two.

The project for printing the firſt book of Homer, with Mr. Dryden's, and Mr. Tickle's, and Mr. Manwarrings, together, is well thought of. I propoſed it to Mr. Tonſon, but it will not do. I will conſider further of it.

The Duke of Ormond is to be impeached for high-treaſon, and Earl of Stafford for high crimes and miſdemeanors.

May ſucceſs attend your ſtudies, is the hearty prayer of

Yours, to command.

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. STEELE TO MR. LINTOTT.

Mr. Lintott, August 4, 1712.

MR. Addiſon deſired me to tell you, that he wholly diſapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account*. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings†, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis ſhall have no juſt reaſon to complain of. But when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he ſaid he could not, either in honour or conſcience, be privy to ſuch a treatment, and was ſorry to hear of it.

I am,

Your, etc.

* Of the frenzy of Mr. John Den—. A narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his Letter to Mr. Addiſon of July 30, 1714.

† Remarks upon Cato.

LETTER LXXVII.

MR. FENTON TO MR. LINTOTT.

Mr. Lintott, September 14, 1719.

PRAY give my moſt humble ſervice to Mr. Pope, and tell him, I beg the favour of him to let me know when he comes to town, what morning I ſhall wait on him at his lodging; for I walk out in a morning ſo often, that I may therewiſe loſe an opportunity of ſeeing him.

Lib. xxii. ver. 132. The firſt part of Dacier's note is taken from Euſtathius; but inſtead of Aurelius Victor and Dion, he quotes Herodotus, without mentioning the book he takes it from.

Ver. 467. I cannot find that Euſtathius aſſigns the ſame reaſons that Mm. does, why Apollo and Neptune do not fight with one another.

Your, etc.

I will endeavour to find out the paſſage abovementioned in Herodotus.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM MR. FENTON.

I HAVE received a ſpecimen of the extracts from Euſtathius but this week. The firſt gentleman who undertook the affair, grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jeſus, has recommended another to me with a very great character *. I think, indeed, at firſt ſight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have ſent word for him to finiſh the 17th book, and to ſend it with his demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a book every month till Chriſtmas, and the remaining books in a month more, if you require them. The laſt time I ſaw Mr. Lintott, he told me that Mr. Broome had offered his ſervice again to you; if you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the reſt.

I am, etc.

I have here incloſed the ſpecimen; if the reſt come before the return, I will keep 'em till I receive your orders. I have deſired the gentleman to write the reſt in folio, with half the page left blank.

* This was Dr. Jortin.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

February 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I moſt heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of health; but you who have a mind ſo vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation; ſince (you know) the old ſimilitude ſays, the keenneſs of the mind ſooneſt wears out the body, as the ſharpeſt ſword ſooneſt deſtroys the ſcabbard: ſo that (as I ſay) you muſt be ſatisfied with your apprehenſion of an uneaſy life, though I hope not a ſhort one; notwithſtanding that generally your ſound wits (though weak bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that genius, which ſhortens your preſent life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active mind will not be able to deſtroy your little, tender, and crazy carcaſs.

Now to ſay ſomething to what you write concerning the preſent epidemic diſtemper of the mind and age, calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our lives) than a fever or an ague; and, as often thoſe diſtempers attend or threaten the beſt conſtitutions, from the worſt air;

ſo does that malignant air of calumny ſooneſt attack the ſound and elevated in mind, as ſtorms of wind the talleſt and moſt fruitful trees; whilſt the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakneſs ſecure from the danger and violence of the tempeſt. But ſo much for ſtinking rumour, which weakeſt minds are moſt afraid of; as Iriſhmen, though the naſtieſt of mankind, are moſt offended at a fart.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM MR. TRUMBULL.

SIR, June 15, 1706.

IT is alwayes to my advantage to correſpond with you; for I either have the uſe of your bookes, or (which I value much more) your converſation. I am ſure it will be my fault if I do not improve by both. I wiſh alſo I could learn ſome more ſkill in gardning from your father (to whome with your good mother all our ſervices are preſented, with thankes for the hartichokes) who has ſet us a pattern that I am afraid we ſhall copie but in miniature; for ſo our hartichokes are in reſpect of his. In all things I am ready to yield, except in the aſſurances that nobody can be more than I am,

Yours, etc.

Poor Jeunie is ſtill afflicted with her ague.

LETTER LXXXI.

FROM MR. WALSH.

SIR, Abberley, July 21, 1707.

HAVING received the favour of your letter of the third of this month, wherein you give me hopes of ſeeing you before the end of it, I am in dayly expectation of receiving your commands to ſend a coach or horſes to meet you at Worceſter, and not put you to the inconvenience of ſuch horſes as you will finde at the poſt-houſe. It was nothing but the fear that you ſhould not ſend me word time enough for me to ſend horſes to meet you, that makes me give you the trouble of this letter. And I expect no other anſwer but to that point, as for all others

Nil mihi reſcribas, attamen ipſe veni.

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM MR. STEELE.

Dear Sir, January 20, 1711.

I HAVE received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendſhip for you, I receive with great pleaſure. That which acknowledges the honour

done to your Eſſay *, I have no pretence to; it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the beſt return I can make to you for your favour to, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, July 26, 1711.

I WRIT to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the ſame end, to know whether you are at leiſure to help Mr. Clayton, that is, *me*, to ſome words for muſick againſt winter.

Your anſwer to me at Will's, will be a great favour to, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM MR. ROWE.

Dear Sir, Thurſday, May 20, 1713.

I DON'T know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleaſure than yours. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourſelf.

* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

yourſelf. To do ſomething then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, though I can give you nothing "but the aforeſaid mutton and a cup of ale." It is but a little mile from Fox-hall; and you don't know how much you will oblige

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM MR. CARYLL.

W. Grinſted, July 16, 1717.

I HAVE not had a word from your holineſs ſince my laſt to you, nor any account of the receipt of ſome pictures that I deſired you to get framed and ſecured. This, and the earneſt deſire I have of kiſſing your toe at Grinſtead, or rather a pretty lady's cheek, (whom you talked of as a companion in your journey,) occaſions you the trouble of this, to know the reaſon why you flag in your good reſolutions, or rather in the execution of them. But I enjoy you in ſpirit, though I cannot in perſon; for your works are my daily lecture, and with what ſatisfaction I need not to repeat to you. But pray in your next tell me who was the *unfortunate Lady* you addreſs a copy of verſes to. I think you once gave me her hiſtory,

but it is now quite out of my head. But now I have named ſuch a perſon, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have complied with her deſires, though I thinke a ſecond voyage to ſuch a raſcall is the moſt prepoſterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* 'Tis harder to find than the man Diogenes lookt for with a candle and lantern att noon-day. Adieu. I am, moſt abruptly, but moſt ſincerely,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Auguſt 18, 1717.

WHEN yours of the 6th inſtant arrived here, I was gott into the Eaſt, not among the wyſe men of that corner, butt amidſt the fools of Tunbridge. My ſtay with them was butt of four days, butt I had ſpent the three preceding ones, I think, in worſe company, the knaves of the law att our country aſſizes at Lewes. A cauſe called me thither, which, though I gained, I may brag of like my brother Teague, that it was juſt nothing att all, nor had I gott that neither had I not beſtirred my ſtumps.

When my pictures are done, be pleaſed to order them down to Ladyholt by the Stanſted carrier, who inns in Gerrard-ſtreet.—You anſwer not my queſtion who

who the *unfortunate Lady* was that you inſcribe a copy of verſes to in your book. I long to be retould her ſtory, for I believe you allreddy tould me formerly; but I ſhall referr that and a thouſand other things more to chatt over at our next meeting, which I hope draws near; preſume my wife has fixed on a time with my dear Patty, to whom I pray my humble ſervice, as alſo to her fair ſiſter. I am in more haſte, or rather hurry, than uſual, but not leſſe,

Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM MR. HUGHES.

Red Lion-Street, Holborn, againſt
Dear Sir, Eaſt-Street, Jan. 22, 1719.

I AM very ſorry to hear of your ill health, and that my meſſage came ſo unſeaſonable as to give you ſo much trouble to anſwer it. I hope by your mentioning your coming to town, that you are on the mending hand, and that the ſpring coming on will be favourable to you. If you ſhould not come in a day or two, I muſt beg your return of the copy, which is much wanted, the time of acting drawing very near. Your not being in a condition to ſupply me with a

Prologue

Prologue is a great diſappointment to me, but I ſhould much rather chuſe my Play ſhould want that advantage, than put you to any trouble at preſent which may be prejudicial; being with a true reſpect,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM MR. CRAGGS.

Cockpit, October 1, 1719.

I WAS yeſterday out of town, and came directly here this morning, where I received your letter, encloſed in a very fine one from Sir Godfrey Kneller. You'll eaſily imagine how much I am concerned at the accident which has befallen him; but I comfort myſelf, ſince his hand and head, which I could leaſt have ſpared, remain in their former vigour and condition. I don't ſee why this misfortune is to be completed by the loſs of Dr. Arbuthnot's and your good company, which you'll give me leave to expect tomorrow at Batterſea, when we will drink Sir Godfrey's health, and make a new appointment againſt his recovery.

I am entirely, dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM MR. EVANS.

Dear Sir, St. John's, Oxon, May 13, 1719.

'Tis not that I forget you or diſreſpect you, but knowing you to be a man of true buſineſs I thought it too impertinent to trouble you with any of mine; but now I underſtand you are at leiſure, have at you as far as this half ſheet will hold. In the firſt place I am very well ſatisfied you have done for me what you are able, and I heartily thank you, and beg your pardon, and very much bluſh for having given you any trouble of this kind with a ſort of men you know as much what to make of as I. I don't know how they are in your church, but in ours, to tell you the truth, all the clergymen I ever yet ſaw are a ſort of eccleſiaſtical *quelques choſes*, that between common honeſty and common ſenſe I know not what to make of. They preach indeed paſſive obedience, but their practice is active inſolence and impudent injuſtice; and when the laity uſe them as they uſe one another, there will be an end of 'em—*Cætera deſunt.*

LETTER XC.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Sir, St. John's, Oxon, July 26, 1719.

I SHOULD much ſooner have ſent you my acknowledgment and thanks for the very kind reception I met with from you at your pleaſant houſe at Twickenham, but in troth it has been ſo very hot, that I could neither write, read, or think, but only lie ſtill, ſwim, or ſleep; and am ſtill ſo monſtrouſly lazy, that you muſt expect but a dry ſhort letter from me; no gallantry or gaity, but only a little downright good breeding and civility. I hope this will find your good mother ſettled in her health, and alſo yourſelf, as much as her age and your conſtitution will permit. If wiſhes had any power in medicine, I could ſoon make you both immortal; for ſhe very well deſerves it for furniſhing the world with you; and you have yourſelf made your name immortal enough. I wiſh only that your body might come in for a ſmall ſhare of that noble bleſſing, if it were only for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I wiſh the ſame to your good friend the Ducheſs; that ſhe might live to teach people of quality all the good qualities in the world. I write as I talk, and I ſpeak as I think; and am, with great ſincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCI.

FROM MR. CONGREVE.

SIR, Aſhley, Monday.

I HAD deſigned to have waited on you to-day, but have been out of order ſince Saturday, as I have been moſt of the ſummer; and as the days are now, unleſs I am able to riſe in a morning, it will be hard to go and come, and have any pleaſure between the whiles. The next day after I had known from you where Lady Mary was, I ſent to know how ſhe did; but by her anſwer I perceive ſhe has the goodneſs for me to believe I have been all this ſummer here, though I had been here but a fortnight, when you came to ſee me. Pray give her my moſt humble ſervice. If I can, I will wait on you. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCII.

FROM THE SAME.

Surry-Street, Jan. 29.

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your letter about Spaw-water. Dr. Arbuthnot has ordered me at preſent to drink ſalt-water, ſo I cannot expreſsly

preſsly ſay when I ſhall want the Spaw; but if the perſon mentioned by you, imports any quantity for himſelf at any time, I ſhall be glad to know of it. I am ſorry you did not keep your word in letting me ſee you a ſecond time. I am always, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCIII.

FROM DR. YOUNG.

Dear Sir, May 2.

HAVING been often from home I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me, but be that as it will, I much want that inſtance of your friendſhip I mentioned in my laſt, a friendſhip I am very ſenſible I can receive from no one but yourſelf. I ſhould not urge this thing ſo much, but for very particular reaſons; nor can you be at a loſs to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of ſerious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I ſhall not be ſo abſurd as to take any farther ſtep without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear from you at your entire leiſure.

I am, etc.

LETTER XCIV.

LORD PETERBOROW TO MR. POPE.

SIR,

IF I can make a party with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Harcourt to dine at Parſons Green, you will give me leave to ſend my coach for you. Pray doe me the favour to ſend me the breadth and depth of the marble field. You may have it meaſured by moonlight by a ten-foot rod; or any body uſed to grounds will make a meer gueſſe by paſſing it over.

Your, etc.

LETTER XCV.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO MR. POPE.

Dear Friend,

I HOPE your genus dos and will know myn is with the moſt acceptable and moſt accompliſhed company to-morrow; for my body is in no condition to ſtirr out of my bed as jet, and has had no reſt theſe two nights but what it ſnatches and gets in the day times by fits; and I believe my left lag will be out of order a good wyle. Pray give my hearty good will to the compa. for the deeds, and my moſt humble ſervis, being ever yours.

LETTER XCVI.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I FIND them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and ought to be near a fier several days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend. It would be pitty they should take dust. Jenny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when reddy; and I am, giving my hearty and humble servis to your dear mother, dear Mr. Pope,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCVII.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I BELIEVE this will be card playrs evning, and we may do how we please. If you come about 4 a clock, you may see me paint. To-morrow I am engaged to goe to Harrow the Hill with company, being ever, dear friend,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

From Great Queen-Street,
SIR, June 16, 1719.

I AM in towne, and have louck'd for beds and bedſteads, which muſt coſt ten pounds a year. When I promiſed to provide them you had maid no mention of the towne rates, which I am to pay, and will be 5 pounds a year at leaſt, and which would be 15 pounds *per annum* whit the beds; and that houſe did let for 45 a year when I bought it; ſo that all I have laid out being near 400 pound, would be done for nothing, of which you will conſider and let me know your mind. The ſtables are fitted as you gentlemen ordered them to be, and all the painting will be done to-morrow or Thurſday, with whenſcoating in the quickeſt manner and beſt; and if you can ſtay till Saturday let me know your pleaſure about the beds and bedſteads, for them I cannot provide. You may have 6, of which two are to have courtins, for 10 pounds a year; and am, giving my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Mery Whortly,

Your, etc.

I thought one might have ſuch beds and bedſteads for 4 or 5 pounds a-year; and which I would have done if no rates prop.

LETTER XCIX.

MR. JERVAS TO MR. POPE.

Dear Mr. Pope, Auguſt 12, 1715, London.

I WOULD not have failed by Tueſday's poſt, but that the Doctor could not be near poſitive as to the time, but yeſterday we met on horſeback and took two or three turns near the camp, partly to ſee my new horſe's going, and partly to name ſomething like the day of ſetting forth, and the manner thereof: viz. that on Thurſday next (God willing) Doctor A———, D. Diſney, and C. Jervas rendezvous at Hyde-Park-corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's, at Eggam, to lodge there on Friday, to meet with Mr. Pope upon the road to proceed together to Lord Stowell's, and there alſo to lodge. The next day, Saturday, to Sir William Windham's, and to reſt there the Lord's Day. On Monday, forward again towards Bath, or Wilton, or as we ſhall then agree. The Doctor propoſes that himſelf or his man ride my ſpare horſe, and that I leave all equipage to be ſent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The Doctor ſays he will allow none of his friends ſo much as a night gown or ſlippers for the road, ſo a ſhirt and cravat in your pocket is all you muſt think of in his new ſcheme. His ſervant may be bribed to make room for that. You ſhall have a ſhorter and leſs bridle ſent down on Saturday, and the

the other ſhall be returned in due time. The taylor ſhall be chaſtiſed if 'tis really negligence in his art, but if 'tis only vapours, you muſt beg pardon. The linnen and ſtockings out of your portmanteau may go with the bridle. I forgot to tell you that the third day is to be Oxford Univerſity, and the Monday following to Sir W. Windham's.

The French king has been indiſpoſed, and methinks he is in an ill way, &c.—Service to every body.

Your, etc.

LETTER C.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Mr. P. Tueſday 2.

THOUGH I have not a ſyllable to ſay of more certainty than the laſt poſt, yet I write.—I hold myſelf in readineſs, in ſpite of a demand for pictures.

The Counſellor Bick—— has purchaſed a nag for his equipage, and waits our motions. He was here yeſterday, and to-morrow, Wenſday evening, we are to taſte Devonſhire cyder with Mr. Appleſtone at his lodgings.

The Court opiniate it that the P—— is coming.—They have no account of Ormond's arrival in France, though they have certain intelligence that he went off

at Shoreham, in Suſſex, ten days ago. I deſign to know Arbuthnot's determination to-morrow.—Service to every body.

I am, etc.

LETTER CI.

FROM THE SAME.

Wenſday, 11 o'Clock at Noon.

LADY Mary W——y ordered me by an expreſs this Wenſday morning, *ſedente Gayo et ridente Forteſcuvio*, to ſend you a letter, or ſome other proper notice, to come to her on Thurſday, about five o'clock, which I ſuppoſe ſhe meant in the evening. Gay deſigned to have been with you to-day, and I would have had him delivered this welcome meſſage, but he durſt not venture to anſwer for your coming upon his aſſeverations, you having interchangeably ſo accuſtomed yourſelves to lying, that you cannot believe one another, though upon never ſo ſerious an occaſion. He will be ready to go back with you. Forteſcue's ſervice and mine to all. We are

Yours, etc.

LETTER CII.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I INTENDED to have breakfaſted with James Eckerſall at Drayton, but heard by the way of his being in London, ſo I jogg'd to Hammerſmith in 5 hours and a half without drawing bit. Yeſterday I gave a printed propoſal to Lord Halifax, and ſpoke to the Duke of Devonſhire to join my Lord Wharton's intereſt, and move your affair, that we may ſet 'em a going about the counties.

I have not yet ſeen the dear Archdeacon, who is at his old lodgings in St. James's place, nor the Dean; but have juſt read a thing entitled a Prefatory Epiſtle, concerning ſome remarks to be publiſhed on Homer's Iliad, occaſioned by the propoſals of Mr. Pope towards a new Engliſh Verſion of that poem—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's—by Richd. Fiddes, B. D. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.—Ἁμαρτημ' εὐγενές—Long.—To Mr. Pope from the author, in manuſcript.—All the foregoing elegances at proper diſtances, and Italianized according to form. It came too late for the coach, and is too big for my privileges of frank—8vo. 120 pages—marbled paper.

I find ſo many party ſtrokes in it, that I am afraid it may do your propoſals more harm than good.

My Lord Halifax talked of a deſign to ſend for you to Buſhy-Park, I believe with a coach-and-ſix, or light chaiſe, but did not name the preciſe time.---I publiſh your having done the firſt book and begun---- I received the cloak-bag ſafe----I hope you did not pay carriage. I can't yet gueſs when I ſhall be ready for Sir William's ſervice.

I am, etc.

LETTER CIII.

FROM THE SAME.

Dear Mr. Pope,

I HAD your laſt in due time.

Shall I ſend you the 100l. in bills or caſh? and when?

Gay had a copy of the Farewell, with your injunctions. No other extant.

Lord Harvey had the Homer and letter, and bids me thank the author.

I hear nothing of the Sermon. The generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him.

Gay will be with you on Saturday next. He alſo works hard.

Your old ſword went with the carrier, and was tyed to the other things with a cord, and my folks ſay, very

very faſt. You muſt make the carrier reſponſible. Mine will ſwear to the delivery, &c.

No books for you from Lintot.

Mrs. Raines, a young lady in the city, and one of my ſhepherdeſſes, takes one of the volumes, has paid her 2 guineas, and is to be a ſubſcriber in your next liſt.

I alſo got 2 guineas from the Marquis of Dorcheſter.

Philip ſent me a note for receipts to be conveyed to the 11 members of the late Hanover club. Pray let me have their names by the firſt. I ſend to Mr. Merrils to-day, &c.

Lintot ſent me Tickell's Homer for your government. I could not forbear comparing, and do not know what the devil is got into my head, but I fancy I could make a more poetical tranſlation in a fortnight (excepting a very few lines.)

It ſeems it's publiſht merely to ſhow as a ſpecimen of his ability for the Odyſſes. Forteſcue would have Gay publiſh a verſion of the firſt book of the Odyſſes, and tell the world 'tis only to beſpeak their approbation and favour for a tranſlation of Statius, or any other poet. In ſhort, we are merry, whether we are wiſe or no.—My reſpects to dear Sir William, and his good lady and ſon, and am concerned for any deficiency in his countenance, but I am in no pain for the paltry Baſſo Relievo.

Yours, etc.

LETTER CIV.

FROM * * * *.

Dear Sir, Saturday Night.

I REALLY intended to have been with you to-day; but having been diſappointed yeſterday of meeting Mr. Selwyn, and going to the Exchequer about my ſalary to-day, and to Mrs. Howard's to meet him, made it too late; ſo that I made a viſit this morning to Mr. Congreve, where I found Lord Cobham. They both enquired kindly for you, and wiſhed to ſee you ſoon. Mr. Forteſcue could not have come with me, but intends the latter end of next week to ſee you at Twickenham. I have ſeen our friend Dean Berkeley, who was very ſolicitous about your health and welfare. He is now ſo full of his Bermudas project, that he hath printed his propoſal, and hath been with the Biſhop of London about it. Mrs. Howard deſired me to tell you that ſhe had a preſent of beech-maſt, which this year hath been particularly good. When 'tis wanted ſhe would have you ſend to her. I writ to you yeſterday, and am in hopes that Mrs. Pope will ſoon be ſo well that you may be able to come to town for a day or ſo about your buſineſs. I really am this evening very much out of order with the cholic, but I hope a night's reſt will relieve me. I wiſh Mrs. Pope and you all health and happineſs. Pray give my ſervice to her.

LETTER CV.

FROM MR. PITT, THE TRANSLATOR OF VIRGIL, TO MR. SPENCE.

Dear Jo, July 18, Blandford, 1726.

I AM entering into propoſals with a bookſeller for printing a little miſcellany of my own performances, conſiſting of ſome originals and ſelect Tranſlations. I beg you to be altogether ſilent in the matter. Mr. Pope has uſed ſo little of the 23d Odyſſey that I gave Dr. Younge, that if I put it in among the reſt I ſhall hardly incur any danger of the penalty concerning the patent. However, I will not preſume to publiſh a ſingle line of it after Mr. Pope's Tranſlation, if you adviſe me (as I deſire you to do ſincerely) to the contrary. I ſhall ſend you a ſmall ſpecimen of my Tranſlation, which if you approve of, I can aſſure you the remainder of the book is not inferior to it.

THE nurſe all wild with tranſport ſeem'd to ſwim,
Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then to the room with ſpeed impatient born
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.
There bending o'er the ſleeping Queen, ſhe cries,
Riſe, my Penelope, my daughter, riſe
To ſee Ulyſſes thy long abſent ſpouſe,
Thy ſoul's deſire and lord of all thy vows:
Tho' late, he comes, and in his rage has ſlain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty ſuitor train.

Ah

Ah Euryclea, ſhe replies, you rave;
The gods reſume that reaſon which they gave;
For Heav'n deep wiſdom to the fool ſupplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wiſe.
And wiſdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy diſtemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impoſe?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a ſleep with talk ſo vain
That held my ſorrows in ſo ſoft a chain?
A ſleep ſo ſweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curſt Troy—oh! why did I thy name diſcloſe?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—ſome other had provok'd my rage,
And you but owe your pardon to your age.

No artful tales, no ſtudied lies, I frame,
Ulyſſes lives (rejoins the rev'rend dame)
In that diſhonour'd ſtranger's cloſe diſguiſe,
Long has he paſt all unſuſpecting eyes,
All but thy ſon's—and long has he ſuppreſt
The well-concerted ſecret in his breaſt;
Till his brave father ſhould his foes defeat,
And the cloſe ſcheme of his revenge compleat.

Swift as the word the Queen tranſported ſprung,
And round the dame in ſtrict embraces hung;
Then as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her ſoul.

If my victorious hero ſafe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulyſſes, ſtill ſurvives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were ſuch multitudes deſtroy'd by one?

Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, ſhe ſaid,
When death flew raging, and the ſuitors bled:
Immur'd we liſten'd, as we ſat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing ſound.

Call'd

Call'd by thy ſon to view the ſcene I fled,
And ſaw Ulyſſes ſtriding o'er the dead!
Amidſt the riſing heaps the hero ſtood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

This is enough in conſcience for this time; beſides I am deſired by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair.

LETTER CVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELLE.

Dear Sir, London, July 29.

I wiſh it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expoſtulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman ſilence; I call it inhuman; nor would you think it leſs, if you were truly ſenſible of the uneaſineſs it gives me. Did I know you ſo ill as to think you proud, I would be much leſs concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the beſt-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me ſo ill as to think amiſs of me, with regard to my friendſhip for you, you really do not deſerve half the trouble you occaſion me. I need not tell you that both Mr. Gay and myſelf have written ſeveral Letters in vain; that we are conſtantly enquiring of all who have ſeen Ireland, if they ſaw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our moſt

agreeable

agreeable hours. All this is true; as that we are ſincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your abſence; and that we form no wiſh more ardently than that which brings you over to us. We have lately had ſome diſtant hopes of the Dean's deſign to reviſit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to loſe every thing that has any charms for us, and muſt we pray for baniſhment as a benediction? I have once been witneſs of ſome, I hope all, of your ſplenetic hours; come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in ſuch an unſettled ſtate, that I can't tell if I ſhall ever ſee you, unleſs it be this year; whether I do or not, be ever aſſured, you have as large a ſhare of my thoughts and good wiſhes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I ſhall not die without teſtifying ſomething of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendſhip that has been ſo great a pleaſure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have loſt ſince I ſaw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repoſe in obſcurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thouſand loves, and a thouſand complaints, and a thouſand commiſſions to you, on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of ſome promiſes which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them

them ſo, and write ſo to me. I can ſay no more, but that I love you, and am in ſpite of the longeſt neglect or abſence, Dear Sir,

Your, ect.

Gay is in Devonſhire, and from thence he goes to Bath; my father and mother never fail to commemorate you.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Binfield, near Oakingham,
Dear Sir, Tueſday.

I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the laſt poſt, ſo that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue ſo there. I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either, than myſelf. I would comfort myſelf, however, with hoping that your buſineſs may not be unſucceſsful, for your ſake; and that, at leaſt, it may ſoon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earneſtly of you to return to us as ſoon as poſſible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your buſineſs may depend upon any other, my buſineſs depends entirely upon you, and yet ſtill I hope you will find your man, even though I loſe you the mean

while. At this time the more I love you, the more I can ſpare you; which alone will, I dare ſay, be a reaſon to you, to let me have you back the ſooner. The minute I loſt you, Euſtathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thouſand contractions of the Greek character, aroſe to my view! Spondanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thouſand pages, (value three ſhillings,) and Dacier's three volumes, Barne's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worſe than them all) Aulus Gellius! All theſe ruſhed upon my ſoul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head ach. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man; but as you are a chriſtian and a divine, come back ſpeedily, and prevent the increaſe of my ſins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I ſhall not only damn all the poets and commentators, who have gone before me, but be damned myſelf, by all who come after me. To be ſerious, you have not only left me to the laſt degree impatient for your return, who at all times ſhould have been ſo; (though never ſo much as ſince I knew you in beſt health here;) but you have wrought ſeveral miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay perſon; and inveterate papiſts of a clergyman of the church of England; even nurſe herſelf is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for aught I know) would even marry Dennis for your ſake, becauſe he is your man,

and

and loves his maſter. In ſhort, come down forthwith, or give me good reaſons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next poſt. If I find them juſt, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at preſent; my hours were never worth ſo much money before; but perhaps you are not ſenſible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I, a hackney ſcribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred at an Univerſity; I, a poor Engliſhman, of my own educating; you are a reverend parſon; I, a wag: in ſhort, you are Dr. Parnelle, (with an E at the end of your name,) and I,

Your moſt obliged and affectionate friend,
and faithful ſervant.

My hearty ſervice to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine ſhepherd J. Gay, of Devon. I expect him down with you.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I WRITE to you with the ſame warmth, the ſame zeal of good-will and friendſhip with which I uſed to converſe with you two years ago, and can't think myſelf abſent, when I feel you ſo much at my heart;

the picture of you, which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely leſs lively a repreſentation, than that I carry about with me, and which riſes to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through thoſe woods and downs where we once rambled together; my head is ſometimes at the Bath, and ſometimes at Letcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapeſt way of treating me; I hope he will not be diſpleaſed at this manner of paying my reſpects to him, inſtead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to ſay the truth, I have as much inclination to do, as I want ability. I have been ever ſince December laſt in greater variety of buſineſs than any ſuch men as you (that is divines and philoſophers) can poſſibly imagine a reaſonable creature capable of. Gay's play, among the reſt, has coſt much time and long-ſuffering, to ſtem a tide of malice and party, that authors have raiſed againſt it; the beſt revenge upon ſuch fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really tranſcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the preſs, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*; for you ſeem by the firſt paragraph of the dedication to it, to deſign to prefix the name of ſome particular perſon. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account; and this as ſoon as poſſible. Inform me alſo upon what terms I am to deal with the bookſeller, and

whether

whether you deſign the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have yourſelf, etc. I ſcarce ſee any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you ſent, I will take the liberty you allow me; the ſtory of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the moſt beautiful things I ever read. I don't ſay this to the prejudice of the reſt, but as I have read theſe oftener. Let me know how far my commiſſion is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I muſt add a paragraph on this occaſion, in regard to Mr. Ward, whoſe verſes have been a great pleaſure to me; I will contrive they ſhall be ſo to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publiſhing them.

I ſhall very ſoon print an entire collection of my own madrigals, which I look upon as making my laſt will and teſtament, ſince in it I ſhall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of); you muſt look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to diſcharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole juſt fame enough, to ſerve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to poſterity.

I beg our correſpondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am ſure my eſteem and love for you never more deſerved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I deſired our friend

Jervas (in the greateſt hurry of my buſineſs) to ſay a great deal in my name, both to yourſelf and the Dean, and muſt once more repeat the aſſurances to you both, of an unchanging friendſhip, and unalterable eſteem. I am, dear Sir, moſt entirely,

Your, etc.

LETTER CIX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,

THOUGH my proportion of this epiſtle ſhould be but a ſketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively deſcriptions in their way; I ſhall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have juſt ſet the laſt hand to a couplet, for ſo I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites; and though few, you will gueſs muſt have coſt me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He is ſo unreaſonable as to expect that I ſhould have made them as beautiful upon canvaſs as he has done upon paper. If this ſame Mr. P—— ſhould omit to write for the dear frogs, and the Pervigilium, I muſt intreat you not to let me languiſh for them, as I have done ever ſince they croſſed the ſeas. Remember by what neglects, etc. we miſſed them

them when we loſt you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of thoſe triflers that let them eſcape and run thoſe hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiouſly, and am in hopes of making you a viſit this ſummer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Forteſcue, I am ſure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to ſet his hand to theſe preſents, not only as a witneſs, but as a

Serviteur très-humble,

C. JERVAS.

It is ſo great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time a day, eſpecially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table in the chop-houſe in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happineſs but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's: I am ſure the whole entertainment would have been to his reliſh. Gay has got ſo much money by walking the ſtreets, that he is ready to ſet up his equipage: he is juſt going to the Bank to negociate ſome exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his ſecond volume of his Homer till the martial ſpirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the firſt part did ſome harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean; *fuimus* Tories; I can ſay no more.

ARBUTHNOT.

WHEN a man is conſcious that he does no good himſelf, the next thing is to cauſe others to do ſome. I may claim ſome merit this way, in haſtening this teſtimonial from your friends above-writing: their love to you indeed wants no ſpur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and ſo forth (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt ſome meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be ſaid, when preſent thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, etc. till time, place, and conveniency concur to ſet them a-writing, as at preſent, a ſociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an eaſy ſituation do, to the joint labour and pleaſure of this epiſtle.

Wherein if I ſhould ſay nothing I ſhould ſay much, (much being included in my love,) though my love be ſuch, that if I ſhould ſay much, I ſhould yet ſay nothing, it being (as Cowley ſays) equally impoſſible either to conceal or to expreſs it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wiſh above all things, it is to ſee you again; the next is to ſee here your treatiſe of Zoilus with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are maſter-pieces in ſeveral kinds; and I queſtion not the proſe is as excellent in its ſort, as the Eſſay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the ſame hand which raiſed his beſt ſtatue, and decked it with its old laurels, ſhould alſo hang

up

up the ſcare-crow of his miſerable critic, and gibbet up the carcaſe of Zoilus, to the terror of the writings of poſterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thouſand other ſubjects will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I muſt open all the friend to you. At this time I muſt be content with telling you, I am faithfully, your moſt affectionate and humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I MUST own I have long owed you a letter, but you muſt own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Beſides I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have ſeveral who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Mr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next ſermon.) Some ſay, you are in deep diſcontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are ſo much in the Archbiſhop's good graces, that you will not correſpond with any that have ſeen the

laſt miniſtry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with Pope (whoſe friends they obſerve daily fall from him, on account of his ſatirical and comical diſpoſition); others, that you are inſinuating yourſelf into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the preſs, and others that you will transform them into eſſays, and moral diſcourſes. But the only excuſe that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of *Zoilus*. The frogs already ſeem to croak for their tranſportation to England, and are ſenſible how much that Doctor is curſed and hated, who introduced their ſpecies into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, ſend them hither, and rid your kingdom of thoſe pernicious and loquacious animals.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addiſon's hands, which ſhall be ſent as ſoon as you order it, and in what manner you ſhall appoint. I ſhall, in the mean time, give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, conſiſting of divers merry pieces; Mr. Gay's new farce; Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope; Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame; Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay; and the Biſhop of Ailſbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or ſome other hand. *Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time I make uſe of the pen*, to teſtify my uneaſineſs in not hearing from you. I find ſucceſs, even in the moſt trivial things, raiſes the indignation of ſcribblers: for I, for my What-d'-ye-call-it, could neither eſcape the fury

of

of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor; then where will rage end, when Homer is to be tranſlated? Let *Zoilus* haſten to your friend's aſſiſtance, and envious criticiſm ſhall be no more. I am in hopes that we order our affairs ſo, as to meet this ſummer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myſelf have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You ſhall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is eſteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Fillius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court, therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, ſhew that I have a place in your remembrance.

Your moſt affectionate faithful ſervants,

A. POPE and J. GAY.

Homer will be publiſhed in three weeks.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

AARON HILL, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

THE little thing which you take ſo kindly, is but a very ſmall part of what I owe you; and whatever my ſtudies, or (to uſe a properer word) idleneſs, are capable of producing, ought to be returned you in mere gratitude for the pleaſure I have received from your own writings: in which give me leave to ſay, your good-will to me in particular is as diſtinguiſhable, as the obligation you lay on the public in general. I am very happy in the envy and ſilly attacks of ſuch people as have awakened the generoſity of ſo powerful a defender. Nor am I aſhamed of thoſe weakneſſes of mine, which they have expoſed in print, (the greateſt of which was my thinking too candidly of them, to whom I wrote my Letters with ſo much unguarded friendlineſs, and freedom,) ſince you have found a way to turn thoſe weakneſſes into virtue, by your partial regard of them. The eye of candour, like the Sun, makes all the beauties which

which it ſees; it gives colour and brightneſs to the meaneſt objects purely by looking on them. I agree with you, that there is a pleaſure in ſeeing the nature and temper of men in the plaineſt undreſs; but few men are of conſequence enough to deſerve, or reward, that curioſity. I ſhall indeed (and ſo will all mankind) be highly pleaſed to ſee the great Czar of Muſcovy in this light, drawn by himſelf, like an ancient maſter, in rough ſtrokes, without heightening or ſhadowing: what a ſatisfaction to behold that perfect likeneſs, without art, affectation, or even the gloſs of colouring, with a noble neglect of all that finiſhing and ſmoothing, which any other hand would have been obliged to beſtow on ſo principal a figure? I write this to a man whoſe judgment I am certain of, and therefore am as certain you will give the world this great depoſitum, juſt as you have received it: there will be no danger of your dreſſing this Mars too finely, whoſe armour is not gold, but adamant, and whoſe ſtile in all probability is much more ſtrong than it is poliſhed. I congratulate you, that this great treaſure is fallen into your hands; and I congratulate all Europe, that it is to be delivered to them through the hands of one, who will think it ſacrilege to touch upon, much leſs to alter, any great lines of ſuch an original.

I can make you no better return for your great compliment upon me (which it would be arrogance in me to ſhew to any other, and dangerous even to

remember

remember myſelf) but by telling you, that it is honour enough to reward all my ſtudies, to find my character and reputation is part of the care of that perſon to whom the fame and glory of Peter Alexiowitz was committed.

SIR,

I am forced to make uſe of another hand than my own in this letter, having received a wound croſs all the veins of my right hand, by which the tendons of two fingers are ſeparated; however, it was a fine paid for my life, which has been very narrowly ſaved, and which may now continue me ſome years longer.

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, January 5, 1730-1.

I WAS unwilling to anſwer your too obliging letter (which puts much too great a ſtreſs upon my opinion) till I had read your play with the attention it deſerves: I mean, not once, but ſeveral times over. In a word, to comply with my judgment will coſt you no trouble, except to your modeſty; which is, *to act it as ſoon as poſſible.* Nothing but trifles have I to object,

object, and which were such as did not once stop me at the first reading; the spirit, design, and characters, carrying me on, without stop, check, or even intermission. You certainly are master of the art of the Stage, in the manner of forming and conducting the design, which I think impossible to be mended; of that great part, and of the other, the raising the passions, I will say nothing to you, who know them so much better than myself. I would only point out a few particularities in thought or expression, as material as excepting to a button on your coat, or a loose hair. Two or three lines I have with great timorousness written on one of your blank leaves, in black lead, half afraid to be legible, and not without some hope that before you see them, they may be vanished: so may perhaps my objections, every one of them. Shall I see you soon, to tell you these nothings? Whenever I shall see you, I hope to find we can employ the time better, than I, in telling, or you, in hearing them. Or must I return you the play now? Your orders will be obeyed as soon as you give them. I really rejoice at your Lady's recovery: I would have her and you think, the air of Richmond is particularly good to re-establish her. Pray let Miss Hill know, I am ready to believe all the good things her own father can see in her: I can safely trust both his *judgments* and his *affections*. I am, truly, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, February 5, 1730-1.

I MADE a ſtrong eſſay to have told you in perſon how very kindly I took your two laſt letters. The only hours I had in my power from a neceſſary care that brought me back immediately, I would have impoſed on you. It will pleaſe you to know the poor woman is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires. Your hint about my title *Of Falſe Taſte*, you'll ſee, is made uſe of in the ſecond edition. Your opinion alſo of my giving ſome public diſſent or proteſt againſt the ſilly malicious miſconſtruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one ſtep ſhould be taken in it, but *in concert* with the Duke whom they injure. It will be a pleaſure felt by you, to tell you, his Grace has written to me the ſtrongeſt aſſurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his reſentment of that report, which to *him* is an *impertinence*, to *me* a *villany*.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your beſt ſecurity) I have not time to do it. I'll only juſt tell you, that many circumſtances you have heard, as reſemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions

ventions of liars; the number of ſervants never was an hundred, the paintings not of Venio or La Guerre, but Bellucci and Zaman; no ſuch buffet, manner of reception at the ſtudy, terras, etc. all which, and many more, they have not ſcrupled to forge, to gain ſome credit to the application: and (which is worſe) belied teſtimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulneſs of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I deſpiſe both. Adieu; the firſt day I am near you I will find you out, and ſhew you ſomething you will like. My beſt good wiſhes are yours, and Miſs Urania's.

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Parſon's Green, February 5, 1730-1.

SINCE I am fully ſatisfied we are each of us ſincerely and affectionately ſervants to the other, I deſire we may be no further miſled by the warmth of writing on this ſubject. If you think I have ſhewn too much *weakneſs*, or if I think you have ſhewn too much *warmth*, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a ſilly one; but the

more I thought ſo, the more in ſending it I ſhewed my truſt in your good diſpoſition toward me. I am ſorry you took it to have an air of *neglect*, or *ſuperiority:* becauſe I know in my heart, I had not the leaſt thought of being any way ſuperior to Mr. Hill; and, far from the leaſt deſign to ſhew neglect to a gentleman who was ſhewing me civility, I meant in return to ſhew him a better thing, ſincerity; which I am ſorry ſhould be ſo ill expreſſed as to ſeem rudeneſs. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both ſides might be out, and at a period for ever: I meant by this to have laid a ſurer foundation for your opinion of me for the future, that it might no more be ſhaken by miſtakes or whiſpers.

I am ſure, Sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than I myſelf. But I am ſo deſirous you ſhould have a juſt one of me every way, that I wiſh you underſtood both my temper in general, and my juſtice to you in particular, better than I find my letter repreſented them. I wiſh it the more, ſince you tell me how ill a picture my enemies take upon 'em to give, of the mind of a man they are utter ſtrangers to. However, you will obſerve, that much *ſpleen* and *emotion* are a little inconſiſtent with *neglect*, and an opinion of *ſuperiority*. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raiſe in all men, thoſe gentle ones of laughter or pity: that I was ſo open, concerned, and ſerious, with re-

ſpect to you only, is ſure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I ſaw your epigram againſt Dr. S. and me come out in their papers: and this, indeed, did vex me, to ſee, *one ſwan among the geeſe.*

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers, I did not know (for I ſeldom read them); I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourſelf, and ſent my aſſurances to the contrary. But I don't ſee how the annotator on the D. could have rectified that miſtake, *publicly*, without particularizing *your name*, in a book where I thought it too good to be inſerted. No doubt he has applied that paſſage in the D. to you, by the ſtory he tells; but his mention of *bombaſt, only* in ſome of your *juvenile pieces*, I think, was meant to ſhew, that paſſage hinted only at that *allegorical muddineſs*, and not at any *worſe ſort of dirt*, with which ſome other writers were charged. I hate to ſay what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "Many aſked me to *whom* that oblique praiſe "was meant?" I did not tell you I anſwered it was *you*. Has it eſcaped your obſervation, that the name is a ſyllable too long? Or (if you will have it a Chriſtian name) is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two ſyllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddineſs, but as having been *dipt in the dirt of party-writing*, and recovering from it betimes? I know ſuch a man, who would take it for a compliment, and ſo would his patrons

trons too—But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point: would you have the note *left out?* It shall. Would you have it expressly said, *you were not meant?* It shall, if I have any influence on the editors.

I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendlily: I understood very well the *caveat* on your part to be the same; and complained (you see) of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my *behaviour* and *temper to other writers;* because I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were.

You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one instance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjustly omitted approbation or encouragement, and I'll be ready to do them justice. I think I have *publicly* praised all the best writers of my time, except yourself, and such as I have had no fair opportunity to praise. As to the *great* and *popular*, I've praised but few, and those at the times when they were *least popular*. Many of those writers have done nothing else but flattered the great and popular, or been worse employed by 'em in party-stuff. I do indeed think it *no great pride* in me, to speak about *them* with some air of superiority; and this, Sir, must be the cause (and no other) that made me address *that declaration* of my temper towards *them*, to *you*, who had accused me of the contrary, not, I

assure you, from the least imagination of any resemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumstances.

I named Mr. Dennis, because you distinguish him from the rest: So do I. But, moreover, he was uppermost in my thoughts, from having endeavoured (*before* your admonition) to promote his affair, with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lansdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, etc. who promised me to favour it. But it would be unjust to measure my good-will by the effects of it on the great, many of whom are the last men in the world who will pay tributes of this sort, from their own ungiving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I seriously petition for Mr. Dennis. After this, I must not name the many whom I have fruitlessly solicited: I hope yet to be more successful. But, Sir, you seem too iniquitous in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called such things *services*. I called 'em but *humane offices*: Services I said I *would* render him, *if I could*. I *would* ask a place for life for him; and I *have*; but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a *service*, and I wish it.

I mentioned the *possibility* of Mr. D.'s abusing me for forgiving him, because he actually did, in print, lately represent my poor, undesigning, subscriptions to him, to be the effect of fear and desire, to stop his critiques upon me. I wish Mr. Hill would (for once) think so candidly of me, as to believe me sincere in one de-

claration, that "I desire no man to belie his own "judgment in my favour." Therefore, though I acknowledge your generous offer to give *examples* of *imperfections* rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book; I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine*; for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my own (by observing you seem too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the D. of a little fault in the works of your *youth* only): the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very sensible, that my *poetical* talent is all that may (I say not, will) make me *remembered:* but it is my *morality* only that must make me *beloved*, or *happy:* and if it be any deviation from *greatness of mind*, to prefer friendships to fame, or the honest enjoyments of life to noisy praises; I fairly confess that meanness. Therefore it is, Sir, that I much more resent any attempt against my moral character (which I know to be unjust) than any to lessen my poetical one (which, for all I know, may be very just).

Pray, then, Sir, excuse my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You guessed right, that I was sick when I wrote it: yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine so. I have writ a whole book of retractations of my writings (which would greatly improve your criti-

ciſms on my errors), but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jott, eſpecially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the leaſt acrimony, (even as little as I deſire you ſhould bear to myſelf,) ſincerely, Sir,

Yours affectionately.

If I did not acknowledge as I ought, both the father's agreeable preſent, and the daughter's pretty one, which you ſent me, I very ill expreſſed myſelf. If Miſs Urania Hill has not my 4to edition of the *Odyſſey*, I beg your leave to ſend it her. You had ſooner heard from me, but I ſaw yours, here, but three days ago. I return home to-morrow.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, February 15, 1731.

EVER ſince I returned home, I have been in almoſt roaring pain, with a violent rheumatiſm in my ſhoulder, ſo that all I am able to do is to return you thanks for yours. The ſatisfaction it gave me is proportioned to the regard I have for you. I will not praiſe your poem further than to ſay, the generoſity of its ſentiments muſt charm every man: its other merit you know well. You'll pardon the few doubts I ſtart in the interlinings; they are ſuch as you can efface

as

as eaſily as they may deſerve. I wiſh to tell my Lord Peterborough (who has ſo long honoured me with ſo particular and familiar an acquaintance) the honour done him.

I am very deſirous to leave out that *Note*, if you like ſo. The two lords, and one gentleman, who really took and printed that edition, I can (I doubt not) bring eaſily to it.

The chief objection I have to what you ſay of myſelf in this poem, is, that the praiſe is too ſtrong. I may well compound for the reſt.

Suffer me to ſend the young lady the *Odyſſey*, full of faults, as I know it to be, before ſhe grows old enough to know how mean a preſent it is. I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, March 2, 1731.

I AM extremely pleaſed with the favour you have done me in ſending me your poem, and the more, as it gives me the opportunity of aſſuring you I never did, or meant you the leaſt injury; in which I ſhould have fully ſatisfied you long ſince, had you aſked me the queſtion. I remember, Mr. Lintot ſhewed me a piece of yours, of which (he ſaid) you

desired my opinion: I was just then in a great hurry, going a journey out of town upon business for a few days; and therefore told him I would call for it in a day or two, to read carefully: however, I cast my eye on some parts of it, which I liked, and told him so. This was all, to the best of my memory, that passed between us; and you may imagine it was some surprize to me when I saw your Preface a very short time after. I think it incumbent on any well-meaning man, to acquit himself of an ill-grounded suspicion in another, who perhaps means equally well, and is only too credulous. I am sincerely so far from resenting this mistake, that I am more displeased, at your thinking it necessary to treat me so much in a style of compliment as you do in your letter. I will say nothing of the poem you favour me with, for fear of being in the wrong; but I am sure, the person who is capable of writing it, can need no man to judge it. I am, with all respect, Sir,

Your, etc.

I received yours but four days since, it being directed to Chiswick, where I have not lived this twelvemonth.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Twickenham, March 14, 1731.

I AM not more happy, nor feel a greater eaſe in compariſon of my former pain, in the recovery from my rheumatiſm, than in that from your diſpleaſure. Be aſſured, no little offenders ever ſhall be diſtinguiſhed more by me. Your dedication pleaſes me almoſt equally with the poem; our hearts beat juſt together, in regard to men of power and quality: but a ſeries of infirmities (for my whole life has been but one long diſeaſe) has hindered me from following your advices. I this day have writ to Lord Peterborough a letter with your poem. The familiarity in which we have lived ſome years, makes it not unuſual, in either him or me, to tell each other any thing that pleaſes us: otherwiſe you might think it arrogant in me to pretend to put ſo good a thing into his hands, in which I have no merit. Your mention of our friend Mr. Mallet I thank you for, and ſhould be glad he would give me an opportunity of thanking you in perſon, who am, with ſincerity, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Twickenham, April 4, 1731.

IT is a ſerious pleaſure to me to find you concerned, that I ſhould do your good ſenſe and diſcernment the juſtice it deſerves. It is impoſſible for me not to think juſt what you would have me on this head; the whole *ſpirit* and *meaning* of your poem ſhews all little thoughts to be ſtrangers to your ſoul. I happen to know many particulars relating to the Earl of Peterborough's conduct, and juſt glory, in that ſcene you draw ſo well: but no man ought (I think) to attempt what you aim at, or can pretend to do him more honour than what you yourſelf here have done; except himſelf: I have long preſſed him to put together many papers lying by him, to that end. On this late occaſion he told me you had formerly endeavoured the ſame, and it comes into my mind, that, on many of thoſe papers, I've ſeen an endorſement A. H. which I fancy might be thoſe you overlooked. My Lord ſpoke of you with great regard, and told me how narrowly you both miſſed of going together on an adventurous expedition *. The real reaſon I carried him your poem was, that I imagined you would never ſend it him, of all mankind; and that I was truly pleaſed with it.

I am

* On an expedition to the Weſt Indies.

I am troubled to reflect, how unequal a correſpondent I am to you, partly through want of health, (for I have ſince had a fever,) partly through want of ſpirits, and want of ſolitude; for the laſt thing we poets care to own, is the other want, that of abilities.

But I am ſenſibly pleaſed with your letter, not only with that which ſeemed to prompt it, but with the things ſaid in it: and I thank you for both—Believe me deſirous to ſee you: when, and where, you ſhall determine; though I wiſh it were here: you'll ſee a place ſeeming more fit for me than it is; looking poetical, yet too much in the world: romantic and not retired: however, I can lock up all avenues to it ſometimes, and I know no better reaſon for doing ſo, or for ſhutting out the world, than to enjoy ſuch an one as yourſelf.

I am, Sir, with eſteem and ſincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, September 3, 1731.

I HAVE been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapſe, if that can be called ſo, which is rather a conſtant and regular decay. She is now on her laſt bed, in all probability, from whence ſhe has not

not riſen in ſome weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I ſuffer for her, for myſelf, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the ſide of a ſick bed, which I now feel, and of what I probably ſoon ſhall ſuffer, which you now ſuffer, in the loſs of one's beſt friend. I have wiſhed (ever ſince I ſaw your letter) to aſk you, ſince you find your own houſe a ſcene of ſorrows, to paſs ſome days in mine; which I begin to think I ſhall ſoon have the ſame melancholy reaſon to ſhun. In the mean time, I make a ſort of amuſement of this melancholy ſituation itſelf, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give ſome to her. I am ſeldom prompted to poetry in theſe circumſtances; yet I'll ſend you a few lines I ſent t'other day from her bed-ſide to a particular friend. Indeed I want ſpirits and matter, to ſend you any thing elſe, or on any other ſubject. Theſe too are ſpiritleſs, and incorrect.

While ev'ry joy, ſucceſsful youth! is thine,
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine.
Me long, ah long! may theſe ſoft cares engage;
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have ſhown
Another's age, ſhall haſten on my own;
Shall ſome kind hands, like B***'s or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in ſickneſs, ſhall a friend be nigh,
Explore my thought, and watch my aſking eye?
Whether that bleſſing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far, is right; the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

Excuſe

Excuſe this, in a man who is weak and wounded, but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wiſh you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly

Yours.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, September 29, 1731.

I RETURN you the incloſed the day after I received it, leſt it ſhould retard your finiſhing the copy, now the year draws toward winter: and though I am in a great hurry, which allows me to ſay little, only to tell you, in my Lord's name and my own, that we think you ſhew even more friendſhip and confidence in us, than we have hitherto been juſtly entitled to, from any uſe our opinion could be of, to a judgment ſo good as your own. We are fully ſatiſfied; and 'tis but a word or two, that I *can* carp, with the utmoſt and moſt extended ſeverity of a friend. It will be with infinitely greater promptitude, and pleaſure, that I ſhall ſpeak (every where) my real approbation and eſteem of the performance, in which I ſhall do no more than diſcharge my conſcience. I wiſh ſincerely, I could as well ſerve you in promoting its ſucceſs, as I can teſtify it deſerves all ſucceſs. You will,

will, I am ſure, be ſo candid, and ſo reaſonable, as to conclude, I would not decline writing your epilogue on any but a juſt reaſon, and indeed (to me) an invariable maxim, which I have held theſe twenty years. Every poetical friend I have, has had my word, I never would; and my leave to take the ſame refuſals I made him, ill, if ever I wrote one for another: and this very winter, Mr. Thomſon and Mr. Mallet excuſe me, whoſe tragedies either are to appear this ſeaſon, or the next. I fancy the latter, as I have ſeen or heard of no more but a *firſt* act, yet, of each.

I have lately had an addreſs of *another kind* from a man of letters, which gives me more embarraſſment, and in the conduct whereof I could wiſh I had your advice, though I hardly know how to aſk it. I hope ſoon to ſee the critical work you promiſed me, in which I hope to have ſome further occaſion of proving to you the real deference I have to your ſentiments, and eſteem for your perſon, I am,

Dear Sir, Your, etc.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, October 29, 1731.

THERE is an ill fate hangs upon me in relation to the pleaſure I've often (from the very firſt time I ſaw you at Dr. Young's) propoſed in our acquaintance.

ance. I really ſtayed that night in town, upon Bowry's notice, which he left in writing, that you ſhould *be at home all* Wedneſday, and had dedicated three hours to you, or more properly, to myſelf with you. I aſked, particularly, for Miſs Urania; but thought myſelf, though old enough, not familiar enough, to aſk to ſee her. I deſire your firſt notice, if you come this way; or rather, I wiſh you would take up your lodging with me. In the mean time, pray ſend the tragedy of *Athelwold* (for ſo I would call it), under cover, to the Counteſs of Suffolk, before Monday, at her lodgings in St. James's. I promiſed it her again; and if you think it of any conſequence that the K. ſhould ſee it in manuſcript, I think nothing more eaſy. In truth, all this is doing it no credit; 'tis only doing ſome to thoſe who may commend it. I could not imagine in what parts it needed addition; ſure every incident is well prepared: but no man can ſee ſo far into his own work as the author, if a good one; ſo little, if a bad or indifferent one.—I am with truth, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, November 12, 1731.

I SHALL have the pleaſure (ſick or well) to be at the firſt repreſentation of your play to-morrow, with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurſt, and one or two more. Another noble Lord, who underſtands you beſt, muſt be contented to read the two laſt acts in his ſtudy: but Sir Will. Wyndham, with Mr. Gay, and ſome others, will be there alſo, in another place, in his ſtead.—I write this that I may not take up a minute of your time in calling on me to-morrow; but if you will ſend to the office to-night for places for four people, we will order a man or two to go to keep 'em for us: Lord Burlington comes on purpoſe to town. I am, with great truth,

Yours, etc.

I've yet heard no account from Court.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Sat. Morn. Nov. 14, 1731.

I CANNOT leave London without thanking you for the pleaſure you gave me laſt night, by which I ſee you can as well make actors, as plays: yet I own I receive

receive more pleaſure from reading, than ſeeing your Athelwold. I thought the beſt part of the audience very attentive, and was told, ſeveral ladies were moved to tears. It is pity Mrs. Cibber's voice and perſon were not a little higher; ſhe ſpeaks extremely juſtly, and ſeems to be miſtreſs of her part. I could not come ſoon enough for the prologue, but the epilogue is a very humorous one. I am aſhamed to trouble you; but being gone out of town, and fearing the miſtakes of ſervants, I beg a box may be had for Monday, the third night, (if there be any empty,) for Mrs. Blount, a particular friend of mine. I yeſterday ſaw Lady Suffolk, and found, though their Majeſties had not had time to read, yet they were poſſeſſed with a good opinion of the play; and ſhe would not part with the copy, expecting it would be called for every day. I muſt once more acknowledge the very obliging manner in which you favoured the bookſeller, as well as the particular generoſity to him. I can add no more, but an aſſurance of the ſincerity with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

I am haſtened away, on hearing my mother is not well: as ſoon as I return, I hope we may paſs more time together.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1731.

I THANK you for your tragedy, which I have now read over a ſixth time, and of which I not only preſerve, but increaſe, my eſteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taſte of the town, of which the reception you deſcribe it to have given of your play, (worſe, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined,) is a more flagrant inſtance than any of thoſe trifles mentioned in my epiſtle; which yet, I hear, the ſore vanity of our pretenders to taſte flinches at extremely—the title you mention had been a properer to that epiſtle—I have heard no criticiſms about it, nor do I liſten after 'em. *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil* (I mean, I think the verſes to be ſo): but as you are a man of tender ſentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeſervedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for, if there be truth in the world, I declare to you, I never imagined the leaſt application of what I ſaid of Timon could be made to the D. of Ch——s, than whom there is ſcarce a more blameleſs, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not loſt my ſenſes, the town has loſt 'em, by what I heard ſo late,

as

as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that deſcription, you'll find almoſt all of 'em point blank the reverſe of that perſon's *villa*. It's an aukward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, againſt a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight againſt: the objections ſtart up in a new ſhape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a miſt or a ſhadow. Yet it would have been a pleaſure to me, to have found ſome friend ſaying a word in my juſtification, againſt a moſt malicious falſehood. I ſpeak of ſuch, as have known by their own experience, theſe twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any ſtream of calumny ran upon 'em. If it gives the Duke one moment's uneaſineſs, I ſhould think myſelf ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verſe in my life, than that any one of 'em ſhould trouble a truly good man. It was once my caſe before, but happily reconciled; and among generous minds nothing ſo endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that ſtudies to ſee its own likeneſs in every thing; I lament the dulneſs of it, that cannot ſee an excellence: the firſt is my unhappineſs, the ſecond yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treaſure, which is buried as ſoon as brought to light; but it is ſure to be dug up the next age, and enrich poſterity.

I have been very ſenſible, on theſe two occaſions, to feel them (as I have done) at a time, when I daily feared the loſs of (what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than any thing of my own, *except my morals*) the loſs of a moſt tender parent—She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me ſincerely, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Twickenham, Nov. 13, 1732.

I WRIT to you a very haſty letter, being warmed in the cauſe of an old acquaintance, in which I was ſure you would concur, I mean John Dennis, whoſe circumſtances were deſcribed to me in the moſt moving manner. I went next day with the Lord to whom you directed your letter and play, which, at my return home, I received but yeſterday. I thank you for your agreeable preſent to my grotto, for your more agreeable letter, and your moſt excellent tranſlation of Voltaire, to whom you have preſerved all the beauty he had, and added the nerves he wanted. This ſhort acknowledgment is all I can make juſt now: I am juſt taken up by Mr. Thomſon, in the peruſal of a new poem he has brought me: I wiſh

you

you were with us. The firſt day I ſee London, I will wait on you, on many accounts, but on none more than my being affectionately, and with true eſteem, dear Sir,

Yours.

I deſire Miſs Urania will know me for her ſervant.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Twickenham, May 22, 1733.

YOUR very kind letter came hither in my abſence, which occaſioned my delay till now in acknowledging it. Your partiality to me, both as a poet, and as a man, is great; the former I deſerve not, but the latter I will never forfeit. It would be wronging your modeſty to ſay much of the verſes you incloſe, but it would be wronging ſenſe and poetry, not to ſay they are fine ones, and ſuch as I could not forget, having once ſeen them.

I have almoſt forgot what I told you of the patent; but at the time I told it, I could not well be miſtaken, having juſt then had the account from Mr. Davenant the envoy: indeed I fancy it was only of his anceſtor's patent that he ſpoke (unleſs Sir William Davenant bought up Killigrew's); I know no way of coming to the knowledge of this affair, Mr. Davenant

being now abroad, and I know not where. But if you would have me write about it, I will learn his direction.

I am at all times glad to hear of you, on any occaſion. I would willingly wait on you in the Park, if I knew your times: I have called twice or thrice there in vain, without being heard. I gueſſed you were in the country. My ſincere good wiſhes attend you; and your agreeable family, as far as I have ſeen of it, I cannot but wiſh well to. I am, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, June 2, 1738.

I SENT you as honeſt an anſwer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with; and am ſorry you imagine any *civil reproach*, or *latent meaning*, where I meant to expreſs myſelf with the utmoſt openneſs. I would aſſure you, if you pleaſe, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree diſpleaſed at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again inſiſt, that you alter or ſoften no one criticiſm of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourſelf of the liberty, nor the world of the profit, of your freeſt remarks on my errors.

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In what I ſaid, I gave you a true picture of my own heart, as far as I know it myſelf. It is true, I have ſhewn a *ſcorn* of ſome *writers*; but it proceeded from an experience that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which caſe, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more reſpectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not ſo ſuſceptible of it as you have ſeemed, on each occaſion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have ſometimes ſeemed a *neglect* of others, was rather a *lazineſs* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was ſatisfied with thoſe I had; or when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to anſwer.

I thank you for the confidence you ſhew you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiſs in my *nature*. If it be (as you too partially ſay) my only fault, I might ſoon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myſelf, and intreat you to correct all thoſe in my writings; I ſee, by the ſpecimen you generouſly gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe (and *own* I owe) that correction to your friendſhip, than to my own induſtry.

For the laſt paragraph of yours, I ſhall be extremely ready to convey what you promiſe to ſend me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very ſpeedily to ſee him myſelf, and will, in that caſe, be the bearer;

if not, I ſhall ſend it, by the firſt ſafe hand, to him. I am truly glad of any occaſion of proving myſelf, with all the reſpect that is conſiſtent with ſincerity,

Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, June 9, 1738.

THE favour of yours of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged ſo long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had carried me from ſcene to ſcene, *where Gods might wander with delight.* I am ſorry yours was attended with any thoughts leſs pleaſing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one elſe in particular. As to the ſubject matter of the letter, I found what I have often done in receiving letters from thoſe I moſt eſteemed, and moſt wiſhed to be eſteemed by; a great pleaſure in reading it, and a great inability to anſwer it. I can only ſay, you oblige me, in ſeeming ſo well to know me again; as one extremely willing that the free exerciſe of criticiſm ſhould extend over my own writings, as well as thoſe of others, whenever the public may receive the leaſt benefit from it; as I queſtion not they will a great

great deal, when exerted by you. I am ſenſible of the honour you do me, in propoſing to ſend me your work before it appears: if you do, I muſt inſiſt, that no uſe in my favour be made of that diſtinction, by the alteration or ſoftening of any cenſure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have obſerved in your letter I think juſt; only I would acquit myſelf in one point: I could not have the leaſt *pique* to Mr. Th. in what is cited in the treatiſe of the Bathos from the play which I never ſuppoſed to be his: he gave it as Shakeſpear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of thoſe, and many more of the thoughts cenſured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot. I have had two or three occaſions to lament, that you ſeem to know me much better as a *poet*, than as a *man*. You can hardly conceive how little either pique or contempt I bear to any creature, unleſs for immoral or dirty actions: any mortal is at full liberty, unanſwered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praiſe me one year, and blame me another; only I deſire him to ſpare my character as an honeſt man, over which he can have no private, much leſs any public, right, without ſome perſonal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a ſufficient excuſe, to alledge he was *ſo* or *ſo informed*, which was the caſe with thoſe men.

I am ſincere in all I ſay to you, and have no vanity in ſaying it. You really over-value me greatly in my poetical

poetical capacity; and I am ſure your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended: for the firſt you will do with lenity, the laſt with exceſs. But I could be glad to part with ſome ſhare of any good man's admiration, for ſome of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeſerving to be thought, what I am to you, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, July 21, 1738.

I NEED not aſſure you in many words, that I join my ſuffrage entirely with Lord B.'s in general, after a fourth reading your tragedy of Cæſar. I think no characters were ever more nobly ſuſtained than thoſe of Cæſar and Brutus in particular: you excel throughout in the greatneſs of ſentiment; and I add, that I never met with more ſtriking ſentences, or lively ſhort reprizes. There is almoſt every-where ſuch a dignity in the ſcenes, that inſtead of pointing out any one ſcene, I can ſcarce point out any that wants it, in any degree (except you would a little raiſe that of the *plebeians* in the laſt act). That dignity is admirably reconciled with ſoftneſs, in the ſcenes between

tween Cæſar and Calpurnia: and all thoſe between Cæſar and Brutus are a noble ſtrife between greatneſs and humanity. The management of the whole is as artful as it is noble. Whatever particular remarks we have made further, will be rather the ſubject of converſation than a letter, of which we ſhall both be glad of an opportunity, either here at Twickenham, or in town, as ſhall beſt ſuit your conveniency. Pray, Sir, let this confirm you in the opinion you kindly, and indeed juſtly, entertain of the wiſh I feel (and ever felt, notwithſtanding miſtakes) to be, and to be thought,

Sincerely your, etc.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, September 12, 1738.

I HAVE now little to ſay of your tragedy, which I return with my thanks for your indulgence to my opinion, which I ſee ſo abſolutely deferred to, that I wiſh I had croſſed leſs frequently. I cannot find another thing I think a fault in you.

But my Lord thinks three things may yet be reconſidered. Brutus, on ſight of the warrant ſigned for his death, takes at once the reſolution of murdering Cæſar, as none of his father. Quere, Whether

in

in the ſcene that follows between him and Cæſar, all tenderneſs on the ſide of Brutus, and all beyond the point of honour that friendſhip exacted, ſhould not rather be avoided than heightened?

Another quere is, Whether it would not beget more indignation in the audience againſt Caſſius, and more compaſſion for Cæſar, to ſhew that Caſſius ſuſpected Brutus to be Cæſar's ſon, and therefore exacted from Brutus the oath of ſparing neither *father*, relation, etc.

The third thing is, Whether the efforts made by Cæſar to prevent the civil war, not only by the equal offer he made, while the matter was under debate in the ſenate, (and which the conſuls Lentulus and Marcellus refuſed to report to the ſenate,) but by the meſſage he ſent to Pompey, when he was at Brunduſium, to deſire a meeting, to ſettle the matter, and avoid the civil war.—*Vid. Cæſ. Com. de Bell. Civili, lib.* 1. The mention of theſe ſomewhere in the play might help to remove the prepoſſeſſion againſt Cæſar.

After our little cavils (for ſo we will rather call minute and verbal points of criticiſm) we owe you the juſtice to extol highly, what we highly approve, and you need not deſire us to ſpeak as we think: 'tis what we have (in different ways) done all our lives, where it was to our prejudice, and cannot but do here, where it is to our honour. I only wiſh you a ſtage, actors, and an audience worthy of you, and it. I have often wiſhed to live to ſee the day when pro-

logues and epilogues ſhould be no more. I wiſh a great genius would break through the ſilly, uſeleſs formality. But at leaſt I would have one try, to leave the audience *full* of the *effects* of a good tragedy, without an epilogue. Let me add another hint, concerning the apparatus and circumſtantials of your play, (ſince I have nothing left more to wiſh in the play itſelf,) that you would intitle it barely, *The Tragedy of Cæſar*, and give no intimation of his being a patriot; for I fear, inſtead of preparing the audience, it might revolt them, and put all the little critics upon carping previouſly at the very deſign and character; which would appear by degrees, and with the proper preparations, in the piece on the ſtage. Another thing was a thought of my Lord's, that it ſhould be printed before acting, a day or two; for the ſentiments are ſo thick-ſown, and the ſenſe ſo deep ſometimes, that they require more attention and thought than the hearer may be apt to give on the firſt repreſentation. I am not poſitive, either as to his, or my thought, but ſubmit them to your conſideration.

I have nothing to add, but to lament our unhappineſs, that we cannot ſee you perſonally to confirm what theſe letters tell you, of our real opinion of your work, eſteem of its author, and wiſhes for your ſucceſs, in this, and every thing. I am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Nov. 5, 1738.

THIS is quite a letter of buſineſs, and therefore excuſe it; I will not mix in it a word of affection, which I have not a moment's time to expreſs, and will not prejudice the ſacred idea of friendſhip.

It is near a month ago that I tried to ſee Mr. Thomſon, to know the time of his tragedy: he was not within my reach; and therefore at laſt I wrote to him, and alſo to Mr. M——, to let them both know the deference you paid them, and the heroic (I will not call it leſs) diſintereſtedneſs you expreſſed in regard to them. I have not yet been able to hear where they are, or any way to have an anſwer, further than I have learned it will be impoſſible for either of them to bring on their plays early (a friend of theirs telling me they are in no forwardneſs) till the middle or end of the winter; therefore you may have room. I wiſh from my ſoul you may get yours firſt, as well acted as it deſerves. A better, that may eclipſe it, or even worthily follow it, I hardly expect to ſee.—But, upon this notice, I believe you may ſafely advance it, the ſooner the better.

My Lord B. is yet with me, more properly I yet belong to him, body as well as mind (for my mind is every-where his). I would to God you had any oppor-

opportunity of ſeeing us before we part; my houſe ſhould be yours, as much of it as is not his. I believe I ſhall ſoon go with him on a little journey before he quits England. You'll forgive the abrupt concluſion of this; yet it may tell you all the longeſt and beſt written letter could tell you, that I am very ſincerely, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, December 8, 1738.

I HAVE been confirmed by Mr. Thomſon as to the retardment of his play, of which he has written but two acts. I have ſince ſeen Mr. M——, who has finiſhed his, but is very willing yours ſhould be firſt brought on, in January as you propoſe, or after his in February, whichſoever may be moſt agreeable to you. He farther offers any aſſiſtance he can give you, in caſe of your own abſence, as to treating with Mr. F—— (with whom he thinks you cannot be too careful or explicit), or attending the rehearſals for you, which he promiſes to undertake with all diligence, if you are not provided with another friend in that caſe. He has heard of ſome impertinence which may be apprehended from one perſon's refuſal or unwillingneſs

to

to act, and believes he can employ ſome proper influence to bring him to a right behaviour. Theſe, with any other ſervices in which you may pleaſe to employ him, he bids me aſſure you, it will be a high ſatisfaction to him to engage in.

I muſt expreſs, on my own part, a real regret to be ſo little uſeful to you. I can do no more than join with Lord B. in paying due praiſes to ſo meritorious a work; our ſuffrage is an airy tribute, from whence no ſolid good redounds to you; and I find myſelf ſtill more inclined to the *man*, than the *author*, if I could be any way inſtrumental to the happineſs or eaſe of ſo generous an one. I could almoſt wiſh myſelf a miniſter to patronize ſuch a genius, and I could almoſt wiſh my Lord one again, for no other reaſon; even though his country wants ſuch an one, as well as his friends.

I have never once been able to ſee Mr. Thomſon in perſon; when I do (and it ſhall be ſoon) he ſhall know how much he is obliged to you for that plan of an alteration of his tragedy, which is too good for me, with any honeſty, to put upon him as my own. Believe me, Sir, with great truth, and the warmeſt diſpoſition to do you juſtice (before men and angels),

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, London, February 12, 1738-9.

I HAVE felt an uneaſineſs of mind (occaſioned by a conſcious ſenſe, how unequally I have expreſſed my anger and contempt, at the treatment of your Cæſar by the man of the ſtage) ever ſince I laſt wrote to you; and an hundred interruptions from day to day (for I have lived in the world, and a buſy and idle world both, it is) have ever ſince hindered me from enjoying one hour of collected thought. Yet I am the leſs concerned, ſince, by my delay, I can now tell you I have laſt night ſeen Mr. Mallet's play, the fifth act of which I had not before read, through thoſe interruptions I have mentioned. It ſucceeded (hitherto at leaſt; for yeſterday was the firſt day) as well as I could expect: but ſo vilely acted in the womens parts and the mens (except two) that I wonder it could ſucceed. Mr. Thomſon, after many ſhameful tricks from the manager, is determined to act his play at the other theatre, where the advantage lies as to the women, and the ſucceſs of *his* will depend upon them (I heartily wiſh you would follow his example, that we might not be deprived of Cæſar). I have yet ſeen but three acts of Mr. Thomſon's, but I am told, and believe by what I have ſeen, that it excels in the pathetic. The dignity of ſentiment, and

grandeur of character, will ſtill be Cæſar's, as in his hiſtory, ſo in your poetry, ſuperior to any.

The perſon to whom you intended ſo great a compliment as to addreſs that piece to his name, is very ſenſible of your delicate manner of thinking: he bids me aſſure you, his own knowledge of your intention is ſufficient pleaſure to him, and deſires you would not think of doing him either favour or juſtice, till the world knows better how to do itſelf the former, in doing you the latter. He is ſtill detained here by the perverſeneſs of his affairs; and wiſhes, as I moſt heartily do alſo, that fortune did not treat you ſo much alike. The ſtage is as ungrateful to you, as his country to him: you are both ſure of poſterity, and may ſay in the mean time with Scipio, *Ingrata patria, ne oſſa quidem habeas!* Believe me moſt truly, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, January, 26, 1730-1.

I AM obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly ſay, I never gave you juſt cauſe of complaint. You once miſtook on a bookſeller's idle report, and publicly expreſſed your miſtake; yet you miſtook a ſecond time, that two initial letters, only, were

were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the ſame manner: and, in truth, (except ſome few,) thoſe letters were ſet at random to occaſion what they did occaſion, the ſuſpicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and moſt of whoſe names I did not know.

Upon this miſtake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verſes, in ſome public journal.---I ſhould imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and ſo it has been thought by many, who have aſked, to whom that paſſage made that oblique *panegyric?* As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not author of 'em; though I love truth ſo well, as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even that note a commendation, and ſhould think myſelf not ill uſed *to have the ſame words ſaid of me:* therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you, in my own mind.

Have I not much more reaſon to complain of *The Caveat?* Where give me leave, Sir, to tell you, with the ſame love of truth, and with the frankneſs it inſpired, (which, I hope, you will ſee, through this whole letter,) I am falſely abuſed, in being repreſented "*ſneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cheriſh,* "*or befriend men of merit.*" It is indeed, Sir, a very great error: I am ſorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to

thoſe who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think, he was miſled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worſt thing that ever (in my opinion) was ſaid of me, on that ſuppoſition.

I do faithfully aſſure you, I never was angry at any criticiſm, made on my poetry, by whomſoever: if I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would, though I were ſure he would abuſe me perſonally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your ſervant. I am very ſorry you ever was of another opinion.—I ſee, by many marks, you diſtinguiſhed me from my cotemporary writers: had we known one another, you had diſtinguiſhed me from others, as a *man*, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wiſh you knew, as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to thoſe of the head: I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of ſome very mean writers, who are too proud. But, I do know *certainly*, my moral life is *ſuperior* to that of moſt of the *wits* of theſe days. This is a ſilly letter, but it will ſhew you my mind honeſtly, and, I hope, convince you, I can be, and am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. HILL TO MR. POPE.

SIR, January 28, 1730-1.

YOUR anſwer, regarding no part of mine but the concluſion, you muſt pardon my compliment to the cloſe of yours, in return; if I agree with you, that your letter is *weaker*, than one would have expected.

You aſſure me, that I did not know you ſo well, as I might, had I happened to be known to others, who could have inſtructed my ignorance; and I begin to find, indeed, that I was leſs acquainted with you, than I imagined: but your laſt letter has enlightened me, and I can never be in danger of miſtaking you, for the future.

Your enemies have often told me, that your *ſpleen* was, at leaſt, as diſtinguiſhable, as your *genius*: and it will be kinder, I think, to believe them, than impute to rudeneſs, or ill manners, the return you were pleaſed to make, for the civility, with which I addreſſed you.

I will, therefore, ſuppoſe you to have been *peeviſh*, or in *pain*, while you were writing me this letter: and, upon that ſuppoſition, ſhall endeavour to undeceive you. If I did not love you, as a good *man*, while I eſteem you, as a good *writer*, I ſhould read

you without reflection: and it were doing too much honour to *your* friends, and too little to my *own diſcernment*, to go to *them* for a character of your mind, which I was able enough to extract from your writings.

But, to imitate your love of truth, with the frankneſs you have taught me, I wiſh the *great* qualities of your heart were as ſtrong in you as the *good* ones: you would then have been above that emotion and bitterneſs, wherewith you remember things which want weight to deſerve your anguiſh.

Since you were not the writer of the notes to the Dunciad, it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended: I will only obſerve, that the author was in the *right*, to believe me capable of a ſecond *repentance*; but, I hope, I was incapable of that ſecond *ſin*, which ſhould have been previous to his ſuppoſition. If the initial letters A. H. were not *meant* to ſtand for my name, yet, they were, everywhere, read ſo, as you might have ſeen in Miſt's Journal, and other public papers; and I had ſhewn Mr. Pope an example, how reaſonable I thought it to clear a miſtake, publicly, which had been publicly propagated. One note, among ſo many, would have done me this juſtice: and the generoſity of ſuch a proceeding could have left no room, for that offenſive *ſneakingly*, which, though, perhaps, too harſh a word, was the propereſt a man could chuſe, who was ſatirizing an approbation, that he had never obſerved

warm

warm enough to declare itſelf to the world, but in defence of the *great*, or the *popular*.

Again, if the author of the notes knew, that A. H. related not to me, what reaſon had he to allude to that character, as mine, by obſerving, that I had publiſhed pieces bordering upon *bombaſt*—a circumſtance ſo independent on any other purpoſe of the note, that I ſhould forget to *whom* I am writing, if I thought it wanted explanation.

As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under ſo blind an attachment to the *goddeſs* I was devoted to in the Dunciad, but that I knew it was a *commendation*; though a dirtier one than I wiſhed for; who am, neither fond of ſome of the company, in which I was liſted—the noble reward, for which I was to become a diver;—the allegoric muddineſs, in which I was to try my ſkill;—nor the inſtitutor of the games, you were ſo kind to allow me a ſhare in.

Since, however, you could ſee, ſo clearly, that I ought to be ſatisfied with the praiſe, and forgive the dirt it was mixed with, I am ſorry, it ſeemed not as reaſonable, that you ſhould pardon me for returning your compliment, with more, and opener, praiſe, mixed with leſs of that dirtineſs, which we have, both, the good taſte to complain of.

The *Caveat*, Sir, was mine. It would have been ridiculous to ſuppoſe you ignorant of it: I cannot think, you need be told, that it meant you no harm;—and it had ſcorned to appear under the borrowed

name it carries, but that the whimſical turn of the preface, would have made my own a contradiction.—I promiſe you, however, that for the future, I will publiſh nothing, without my name, that concerns you, or your writings. I have now, almoſt finiſhed, *An Eſſay on Propriety, and Impropriety, in Deſign, Thought, and Expreſſion, illuſtrated, by Examples, in both Kinds, from the Writings of Mr. Pope*; and, to convince you how much more pleaſure it gives me, to diſtinguiſh your *lights*, than your *ſhades*;—and that I am as willing as I ought to be, to ſee, and acknowledge my faults; I am ready, with all my heart, to let it run thus, if it would, otherwiſe, create the leaſt pain in you:—*An Eſſay on Propriety, and Impropriety*, etc. *illuſtrated by Examples, of the firſt, from the Writings of Mr. Pope, and of the laſt, from thoſe of the Author.*

I am ſorry to hear you ſay, you never thought any great matters of your *poetry*.—It is, in my opinion, the characteriſtic you are to hope your *diſtinction* from: to be *honeſt* is the duty of every *plain man!* Nor, ſince the *ſoul* of poetry is ſentiment, can a *great poet* want *morality*. But your *honeſty* you poſſeſs in common with a *million*, who will never be *remembered*; whereas your *poetry* is a peculiar, that will make it impoſſible, you ſhould be forgotten.

If you had not been in the *ſpleen*, when you wrote me this letter, I perſuade myſelf, you would not, immediately after cenſuring the *pride* of writers, have aſſerted,

aſſerted, that you, *certainly*, *know* your moral life, above that of moſt of the wits of theſe days: at any other time, you would have remembered, that *humility* is a moral virtue. It was a bold declaration; and the *certainty* with which you know it, ſtands in need of a better *acquaintance* than you ſeem to have had with the *tribe*; ſince you tell me, in the ſame letter, that many of their *names* were *unknown* to you.

Neither would it appear, to your own reaſon, at a cooler juncture, over-conſiſtent with the morality you are ſo ſure of, to ſcatter the letters of the whole alphabet, annexed, at random, to characters of a light and ridiculous caſt, confuſedly, with intent to provoke jealous writers into reſentment, that you might take occaſion, from that reſentment, to expoſe and depreciate their characters.

The ſervices you tell me, you would do Mr. Dennis, even though he ſhould abuſe you, in return, will, I hope, give him ſome title to expect an exertion of your recommendatory influence in his behalf: a man, ſo *popular*, as you, might ſecure him a great ſubſcription: this would merit to be called a *ſervice*; and, the more the world ſhould find you abuſed in the works you had recommended, ſo much the more glorious proof would they ſee, that your morals were, in truth, as ſuperior, as you repreſent them, to thoſe of your cotemporaries. Though you will pardon me the *pride* of wondering, a little, how this declaration came to be made to *me*, whoſe condition not ſtanding in need of

ſuch ſervices, it was not, I think, ſo neceſſary, you ſhould have taken the trouble to talk of them.

Upon the whole, Sir, I find, I am ſo ſincerely your *friend*, that it is not in your own power, to make me your *enemy*: elſe, that unneceſſary air of neglect and ſuperiority, which is ſo remarkable, in the turn of your letter, would have nettled me to the quick; and I muſt triumph, in my turn, at the ſtrength of my own heart, who can, after it, ſtill find, and profeſs myſelf, moſt affectionately and ſincerely

Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

The following unpubliſhed Letters of Mr. POPE to the Right Honourable Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, are faithfully copied from the Originals, communicated to the Editor by the favour of the Lord Biſhop of St. David's.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

Madam, September 1.

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter ſome weeks. I was informed you were at ſea, and that 'twas to no purpoſe to write till ſome news had been heard of your arriving ſomewhere or other. Beſides, I have had a ſecond dangerous illneſs, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the firſt, having now ſome hopes of ſeeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I ſhall not eaſily forgive you for not acquainting me ſoon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unleſs I travel with you: and

and it is never to be repaired, the loſs that Homer has ſuſtained, for want of my tranſlating him in Aſia. You will come hither full of criticiſms againſt a man, who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Aſiatic when you return to me, whatever Engliſh airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiouſly long for your Sonnets, your Remarks, your Oriental Learning;—but I long for nothing ſo much as your Oriental ſelf. You muſt of neceſſity be *advanced* ſo far *back* into true nature and ſimplicity of manners, by theſe three years' reſidence in the Eaſt, that I ſhall look upon you as ſo many years younger than you was, ſo much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openneſs). I expect to ſee your ſoul as much thinner dreſſed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumberſome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modeſty be it ſpoken, I have a burning deſire to ſee your ſoul ſtark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettieſt kind of white ſoul in the univerſe.—But I forget whom I am talking to; you may poſſibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none; if ſo, ſhew me that which comes next to a ſoul; you may eaſily put it upon a poor ignorant Chriſtian for a ſoul, and pleaſe him as well with it;—I mean your heart; —Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together

gether with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the ſouls on this ſide the world. But if I muſt be content with ſeeing your body only, God ſend it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-caſket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the ſouls that ever were caſually put into women ſince men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the reſt of this paper with an accident that happened juſt under my eyes, and has made a great impreſſion upon me. I have juſt paſt part of this ſummer at an old romantic ſeat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the ſhade of a haycock, ſat two lovers, as conſtant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a ſpreading beech. The name of the one (let it ſound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-ſet man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for ſeveral months borne the labour of the day in the ſame field with Sarah; when ſhe milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the ſcandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameleſs poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' conſent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy.

Perhaps

Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding cloaths; and John was now matching ſeveral kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a preſent of knots for the day. While they were thus employed, (it was on the laſt of July,) a terrible ſtorm of thunder and lightning aroſe, that drove the labourers to what ſhelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, ſunk on a haycock, and John (who never ſeparated from her) ſate by her ſide, having raked two or three heaps together to ſecure her. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack as if Heaven had burſt aſunder. The labourers, all ſolicitous for each other's ſafety, called to one another: thoſe that were neareſt our lovers, hearing no anſwer, ſtept to the place where they lay: they firſt ſaw a little ſmoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to ſcreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and already grown ſtiff and cold in this tender poſture. There was no mark or diſcolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little ſinged, and a ſmall ſpot between her breaſts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the pariſh of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my requeſt, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have choſen the godly one: I like neither, but wiſh you had been

in

in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refuſed me on ſo moving an occaſion.

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims ſeiz'd.

1.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment ſeiz'd,
A pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure Heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.

2.

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis juſtice, ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think theſe people unhappy. The greateſt happineſs, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greateſt honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unleſs you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the fineſt eyes in the world. I know you have tenderneſs; you muſt have it; it is the very emanation of good ſenſe and virtue; the fineſt minds, like the fineſt metals, diſſolve the eaſieſt.

But

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, etc.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

I could quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this

this hand (as the Scripture ſays) forget its cunning; and this heart its—folly, I was going to ſay,—but I mean, its reaſon, and the moſt rational ſenſation it ever had,—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint ſome of the ſcenes about you, makes me deſpiſe my native country, and ſets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade-Village. I fancy myſelf, in my romantic thoughts and diſtant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymiſt, that has a paſſion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moon-ſhiny nights, exactly in the poſture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with juſt ſuch a ſurprize and rapture ſhould I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accompliſhed, you ſhould at laſt come rolling back again, ſmiling with all that gentleneſs and ſerenity peculiar to the moon and you; and gilding the ſame mountains from which you firſt ſet out on your ſolemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more juſt to us than your virtue) will reſtore the moſt precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, ſo lately ſent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the moſt valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the coſtly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, ſo England does but recover that jewel, which was the wiſh of all her ſenſible hearts, and the joy

of all her diſcerning eyes. I can keep no meaſures in ſpeaking of this ſubject. I ſee you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the Eaſt, and the ſun is at her ſervice.

I write as if I were drunk, the pleaſure I take in thinking of your return tranſports me beyond the bounds of common ſenſe and decency. Yet believe me, Madam, if there be any circumſtance of chagrin in the occaſion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a diſpleaſure, I muſt ſtill be ready to feel a part of it, notwithſtanding the joy I now expreſs.

I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you ſet out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you'll ſee it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the beſt and brighteſt thing I know, in the ſcene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain ſee how you look, on the very ſpot where Curtius ſacrificed himſelf for his country; and obſerve what difference there would be in your eyes, when you ogled the ſtatue of Julius Cæſar, and a Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to ſneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old buſto behind you, and I ſhall be proud beyond expreſſion. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleaſure of treading on claſſic ground;

I would

I would whiſper other reaſons in your ear. The joy of following your footſteps would as ſoon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really diſpoſed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart, and as ſound devotion, as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Counteſs of Tripoly to Jeruſalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I'll aſſure you he deſerves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the Firſt's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got aſhore was juſt upon the point of expiring. The Counteſs of Tripoly came to the ſhip, took him by the hand: he lifted up his eyes, ſaid he had been bleſt with a ſight of her, he was ſatisfied, and ſo departed this life. What did the Counteſs of Tripoly upon this? She made him a ſplendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verſe; had his ſonnets curiouſly copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, Madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I ſend it to you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this ſhould be punctually copied on either ſide, but methinks ſomething like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illuminining of the ſonnets, was not a greater token of reſpect than what I have paid to your eclogues: they lie incloſed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my faireſt

hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no leſs veneration than the pages of the ſybils; like them, locked up and concealed from all prophane eyes; none but my own have beheld theſe ſacred remains of yourſelf, and I ſhould think it as great a wickedneſs to divulge them as to ſcatter abroad the aſhes of my anceſtors. As for the reſt, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, 'tis not my fault; if I had, I might poſſibly have died as glorioufly as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had ſo died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Counteſs of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But ſince our romance is like to have a more fortunate concluſion, I deſire you to take another courſe to expreſs your favour towards me; I mean by bringing over the fair Circaſſian we uſed to talk of. I was ſerious in that requeſt, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money ſo well for me. The thing ſhall be as ſecret as you pleaſe, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my miſtreſs and my ſervant, as I am both my own ſervant and my own maſter. But I beg you to look oftener than you uſe to do in your glaſs, in order to chuſe me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happineſs, let there be ſomething as near as poſſible to that face; but, if you pleaſe, the colours a little leſs vivid, the eyes a little leſs bright (ſuch as reflection will ſhew 'em); in ſhort, let her be ſuch an one as you ſeem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal

deal leſs amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwiſe, inſtead of being her maſter, I muſt be only her ſlave.

I cannot end this letter without aſking, if you have received a box of books, together with letters from Mr. Congreve and myſelf? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Conſtantinople, by a merchant-ſhip that ſet ſail laſt June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in proſe when he ſpeaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour, the Duke of Buckingham with praiſe, I myſelf with ſomething more. When people ſpeak moſt highly of you, I think them ſparing; when I try myſelf to ſpeak of you, I think I am cold and ſtupid. I think my letters have nothing in 'em, but I am ſure my heart has ſo much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than

Your friend and admirer.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

AFTER having dreamed of you ſeveral nights, beſides a hundred reveries by day, I find it neceſſary to relieve myſelf by writing; though this is the

fourth letter I have ſent, two by Mr. Methuen, and one by Lord James Hay, who was to be your convoy from Leghorn. In all I can ſay, I only make you a preſent in many words of what can do you no manner of good, but only raiſes my own opinion of myſelf, —all the good wiſhes and hearty diſpoſitions I am capable of forming or feeling for a deſerving object; but mine are indeed ſo warm, that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I can't very decently own to you, much leſs to any other; yet what if a man has, he can't help it.

For God's ſake, Madam, let not my correſpondence be like a traffic with the grave, from whence there is no return. Unleſs you write to me, my wiſhes muſt be like a poor papiſt's devotions to ſeparate ſpirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be ſenſible of their addreſſes. None but your guardian angels can have you more conſtantly in mind than I; and if they have, it is only becauſe they can ſee you always. If ever you think of thoſe fine young beaus of Heaven, I beg you to reflect, that you have juſt as much conſolation from them as I at preſent have from you.

While all people here are exerciſing their ſpeculations upon the affairs of the Turks, I am only conſidering them as they may concern a particular perſon; and inſtead of forming proſpects of the general tranquillity of Europe, am hoping for ſome effect that may contribute to your greater eaſe: above all, I would

would fain indulge an imagination, that the nearer view of the unquiet ſcene you are approaching to may put a ſtop to your farther progreſs. I can hardly yet relinquiſh a faint hope I have ever had, that Providence will take ſome uncommon care of one who ſo generouſly gives herſelf up to it; and I can't imagine God Almighty ſo like ſome of his vice-gerents, as abſolutely to neglect thoſe who ſurrender to his mercy. May I thus tell you the truth of my heart? or muſt I put on a more unconcerned perſon, and tell you gaily, that there is ſome difference between the court of Vienna and the camps in Hungary; that ſcarce a baſha living is ſo offenſive a creature as Count Volkra; that the wives of ambaſſadors are as ſubject to human accidents, and as tender as their ſkins; that it is not more natural for glaſs to cut, than for Turks and Tartars to plunder (not to mention raviſhing, againſt which I am told beauty is no defence in thoſe parts); that you are ſtrangely in the wrong to forſake a nation that but laſt year toaſted Mrs. Walpole, for one that has no taſte of beauty after twenty, and where the fineſt woman in England will be almoſt ſuperannuated? Would to God, Madam, all this might move either Mr. Wortley or you; and that I may ſoon apply to you both what I have read in one of Harlequin's comedies: he ſees Conſtantinople in a raree-ſhow, vows it is the fineſt thing upon earth, and proteſts it is prodigiouſly like. Ay, Sir, ſays the man of the ſhow,

you have been at Conſtantinople, I perceive. No indeed, ſays Harlequin, I was never there myſelf, but I had a brother I loved dearly, who had the greateſt mind in the world to have gone thither.

This is what I really wiſh from my ſoul, though it would ruin the beſt project I ever laid, that of obtaining, through your means, my fair Circaſſian ſlave; ſhe whom my imagination had drawn more amiable than angels, as beautiful as the lady who was to chooſe her by a reſemblance to ſo divine a face; ſhe whom my hopes had already tranſported over ſo many ſeas and lands, and whom my eager wiſhes had already lodged in my arms and heart; ſhe, I ſay, upon this condition, may remain under the cedars of Aſia, and weave a garland of palms for the brows of a Turkiſh tyrant, with thoſe hands which I had deſtined for the ſoft offices of love, or at worſt for tranſcribing amorous madrigals: let that breaſt, I ſay, be now joined to ſome ſavage heart, that never beat with luſt or rage; that breaſt, inhabited by far more truth, fidelity, and innocence, than thoſe that heave with pride and glitter with diamonds; that breaſt, whoſe very conſcience would have been love, where duty and rapture made but one thought, and honour muſt have been the ſame with pleaſure.

I can't go on in this ſtile: I am not able to think of you without the utmoſt ſerioufneſs; and, if I did not take a particular care to diſguiſe it, my letters would be the moſt melancholy things in the world.

I believe

I believe you ſee my concern through all this affectation of gaiety, which is but like a fit of laughing in the deepeſt ſpleen or vapours. I am juſt alarmed with a piece of news, that Mr. Wortley thinks of paſſing through Hungary, notwithſtanding the war there. If ever any man loved his wife, or any mother her child, this offers you the ſtrongeſt reaſon imaginable for ſtaying at Vienna, at leaſt this winter. For God's ſake, value yourſelf a little more; and don't give us cauſe to imagine that ſuch extravagant virtue can exiſt any where elſe than in a romance. I tremble for you the more, becauſe (whether you believe it or not) I am capable myſelf of following one I loved, not only to Conſtantinople, but to thoſe parts of India, where, they tell us, the women beſt like the uglieſt fellows, as the moſt admirable productions of nature, and look upon deformities as the ſignatures of divine favour. But (ſo romantic as I am) I ſhould ſcarce take theſe rambles, without greater encouragement than I fancy any one who has been long married can expect. You ſee what danger I ſhall be in, if ever I find a fair one born under the ſame planet with Aſtolfo's wife. If, inſtead of Hungary, you paſt through Italy, and I had any hopes that lady's climate might give a turn to your inclinations, it is but your ſending me the leaſt notice, and I'll certainly meet you in Lombardy, the ſcene of thoſe celebrated amours between the fair princeſs and her dwarf. From thence, how far you might draw me,

and

and I might run after you, I no more know than the ſpouſe in the Song of Solomon: this I know, that I could be ſo very glad of being with you in any pleaſure, that I could be content to be with you in any danger. Since I am not to partake either, adieu: but may God, by hearing my prayers and preſerving you, make me a better Chriſtian than any modern poet is at preſent. I am, Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

I NO more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greateſt eſtate in the world; which I think ſo valuable a friendſhip as yours is equal to. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, as at ſomething that interrupts the hiſtory of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sybil, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that ſhort one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have ſo great

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an opinion of your goodneſs, that had I received none, I ſhould not have accuſed you of neglect or inſenſibility. I am not ſo wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write; I'd as ſoon quarrel at the ſun the minute he did not ſhine, which he is hindered from by accidental cauſes, and is in reality all that time performing the ſame courſe, and doing the ſame good offices as ever.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt, the two moſt pleaſing things to me in nature; the firſt is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. This is generous to the laſt degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be aſſured in return, my heart ſhall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; ſo that you ſhall never be able to favour your abſent friend, before he has thought himſelf obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the juſtice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the ſerious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious: it would be the moſt vexatious of all tyranny, if you ſhould pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere diſguiſe of a diſcontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itſelf; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the ſame heart, as it is improved and awakened by an

eſteem

eſteem for you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not at leaſt been entirely unfaithful to thoſe thoughts, to which I am ſure they can never be equal. May God increaſe your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qualities as well deſerving to be half laughed at, and half eſteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the moſt like reaſon of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, with vaſt empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as intereſt or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and ſhall never want a corner at your ſervice; where I dare affirm, Madam, your idea lies as warm and as cloſe as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If I don't take care, I ſhall write myſelf all out to you; and if this correſpondence continues on both ſides at the free rate I would have it, we ſhall have very little curioſity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foreſee that the further you go from me, the more freely I ſhall write; and if (as I earneſtly wiſh) you would do the ſame, I can't gueſs where it will end: let us be like modeſt people, who, when they are cloſe together, keep all decorums;

but

but if they ſtep a little aſide, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off ſhifts without ſcruple.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation, might interpoſe between you and Turkey; I wiſh you reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for ſaying this, but I fear God will ſcarce forgive me for deſiring it.

Make me leſs wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back ſo far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more ſnatched to the ſhades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almoſt the only innocent man whom he has made to ſuffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal, the farther they are removed from the ſenſe of it. Sure flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent, into another world; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a ſort of piety. I cannot be ſatisfied with ſtrewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt; but muſt conſider you as a glorious, though remote being, and be ſending addreſſes and prayers after you. You have carried away ſo much of my eſteem, that what remains of it is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more, I ſhall think Aurat-baſſar as good a place as Govent-garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic, ſo is every one ſaid to be that either admires a fine thing, or praiſes one: 'tis

no

no wonder ſuch people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common underſtanding as if they were mad, becauſe they are in the right. On my conſcience, as the world goes, 'tis never worth any body's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts are; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for ſacrificing herſelf, muſt hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having frequented thoſe people moſt, ſince you went, who ſeemed moſt in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom; which I did but aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered,—love is blind. I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two fine eyes that are in it.

For God's ſake, Madam, when you write to me, talk of yourſelf, there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf, that ſhe who I always thought talked beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee your face, than St. John Baptiſt's head: I wiſh you had not only all thoſe fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is really very edifying: the ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text very literally, that commands us to *bear one another's burthens:* but I fancy many a man there is, like Iſſachar, *an aſs between two burthens.* I ſhall look upon you no longer as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of jealouſy, where the unhappy women converſe with none but eunuchs, and where the very cucumbers are brought to them cut. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one article of faith after another, as you approach nearer to Turkey. Pray how far are you gone already? Amidſt the charms of high-maſs, and the raviſhing trills of a Sunday-opera, what think you of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? have you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How do your chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? You have already (without paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out-travelled the ſin of fornication, and are happily arrived at the free region of adultery: in a little time you'll look upon ſome other ſins, with more impartiality than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon you'll time it ſo well as to make your faith ſerve out juſt to the laſt verge of Chriſtendom; that you may diſcharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs, and not be out of the way of all trade.

I doubt

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true believers. At this town, they will ſay, ſhe practiſed to ſit on the ſofa; at that village ſhe learnt to fold the turban; here ſhe was bathed and anointed; and there ſhe parted with her black full-bottom: at every chriſtian virtue you loſt, and at every chriſtian habit you quitted, it will be decent for me to fetch a holy ſigh; but ſtill I ſhall proceed to follow you. How happy will it be, for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be giddy-headed! I ſhall hear at Belgrade, how the good baſha received the fair convert with tears of joy; how he was charmed with her pretty manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhammed; and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting Mr. Wortley to be circumciſed; but he ſatisfies you by demonſtrating, how, in that condition, he could not properly repreſent his Britannic majeſty. Laſtly, I ſhall hear, how, the very firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's paradiſe, and happily awaked without a ſoul; from which bleſſed inſtant, the beautiful body was left to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for. But if my fate be ſuch, that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her huſband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be ſet over it:

Hic jacet immiti conſumptus morte Tibullus,
Meſſalam, terra, dum ſequiturque, mari.

Here, ſtopt by haſty death, Alexis lies,
Who croſt half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

I ſhall at leaſt be ſure to meet you in the next world, if there be any truth in our new doctrine of the day of judgment. Since your body is ſo full of fire, and capable of ſuch ſolar motions as your letter deſcribes, your ſoul can never be long going to the fixed ſtars, where I intend to ſettle; or elſe you may find me in the milky way; becauſe Fontenelle aſſures us, the ſtars are ſo crowded there, that a man may ſtand upon one and talk to his friend on another. From thence, with a good teleſcope, what do you think one ſhould take ſuch a place as this world for? I fancy, for the devil's rookery, where the inhabitants are ready to deafen and deſtroy one another with eternal noiſe and hunger.

I ſee I have done in this letter, as I have often done in your converſation, talked myſelf into a good humour, though I begun in an ill one: the mere pleaſure of addreſſing you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to ſhorten this letter by giving over where you pleaſe, ſo I'll make it no longer by apologies.

The rapidity of your journies is what I have been imitating, though in a leſs ſphere: I have been at York and at Bath in leſs than a fortnight; all that time, your letter (for which you have a thouſand thanks

thanks from me) lay in London; I had juſt before ſent one by Mr. Stanyan, giving another for loſt that went by Lord James Hay to Leghorn, where you was then expected. Mr. Congreve had written ſome time before, as I acquainted you in that, who, I aſſure you, no way deſerves to be thought forgetful of you. I obey your orders, in ſending incloſed two little pieces; the printed one has made much noiſe, and done ſome good at court: I am wrongfully ſuſpected to be the author of it. They talk of ſome alterations there, which affect a man who never aſked for any thing but your Paſtorals. Lady Rich is brought to bed. I can only add my deſire of being always thought yours, and of being told I am thought ſo by yourſelf, whenever you would make me as happy as I can be at this diſtance.

Your, etc.

Mr. Craggs is very much yours.

I am juſt now told you are to go by way of Italy: I hope to God this is true, and that you will ſtay this winter, to refreſh yourſelf for new travels, at Vienna. The ſeas will ſhew no reſpect to merit or beauty, in the winter ſeaſon. To give you a convincing proof how romantic I am, if you paſs through Italy next ſpring, and will give me timely notice and direction, it is very poſſible I may meet you there, and attend you till you take ſea again for Conſtantinople.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Madam, February 3.

I WISH I could write any thing to divert you, but it is impoſſible in the unquiet ſtate I am put into by your letter: it has grievouſly afflicted me, without affectation; and I think you would hardly have writ it in ſo ſtrong terms, had you known to what a degree I feel the loſs of thoſe I value (it is only decency that hinders me from ſaying, of her I value). From this inſtant you are doubly dead to me; and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England, was nothing to what I ſuffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now, I had ſome ſmall hopes in God, and in fortune; I waited for accidents, and had at leaſt the faint comfort of a wiſh, when I thought of you; I am now—I can't tell what—I won't tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madneſs that throws me after you in a diſtracted manner. I don't know which way to write, which way to ſend it, or if ever it will reach your hands: if it does, what can you infer from it, but what I am half afraid and half willing you ſhould know,—how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miſerable conſtancy I ſhall ever remember you?

If

If this falls into any other hands, it will ſay nothing I ſhall be aſhamed to own, when either diſtance or death (for ought I can tell) ſhall have removed you for ever from the ſcandal of ſo mean an admirer.

What you ſay of your illneſs frightens me with a proſpect I can never ſo much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to ſee you again, may you live to pleaſe other eyes, and improve other minds than mine; may you appear to diſtant worlds like a ſun that is ſunk out of the ſight of our hemiſphere, to gladden the other. It is no figure of ſpeech when I tell you, that thoſe mountains of ſnow, and woods laid in aſhes, you deſcribe, are what I could wiſh to traverſe with you. I find I flattered myſelf when I thought Italy had pleaſures that could allure me to have met you there; I ſee it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear charming to me; and I now envy the deſarts and devaſtations of Hungary more than any parts of the polite world. It is ſeriouſly true that I have not, ſince your laſt letter, the leaſt inclination to ſee Italy, though, before I received it, I longed for your ſummons thither:—but it is fooliſh to tell you this;—did I ſay fooliſh? it is a thouſand times worſe, it is in vain!

You touch me very ſenſibly, in ſaying you think ſo well of my *friendſhip;* in that you do me too much *honour.* Would to God you would (even at this diſtance) allow me to correct this period, and change theſe phraſes according to the real truth of my *heart.*

I am fooliſh again; and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of ſplenetic enthuſiaſts and ſolitaires, who fall in love with ſaints, and fancy themſelves in the favour of angels and ſpirits, whom they can never ſee or touch. I hope indeed that you, like one of thoſe better beings, have a benevolence towards me; and I (on my part) really look up to you with zeal and fervour, not without ſome faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is ſomething betwixt piety and madneſs.

Madam, I beg you to be ſo juſt to my impatience and anxiety for your ſake, as to give me the firſt notice poſſible of your health and progreſs. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's office: though you direct me to the merchant-ſhips bound for Conſtantinople, I could not ſtay ſo long as till one of thoſe ſets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the conſequence of my thinking ſo often and ſo warmly of you. May Providence overſhadow you; and that virtue and ſpirit which expoſes you to dangers, protect you from them. I am the moſt earneſt of your well-wiſhers, and, I was going to ſay, your moſt faithful ſervant, but am angry at the weakneſs of all the terms I can uſe to expreſs myſelf

Yours.

LETTER VII.

I WRITE this after a very ſevere illneſs, that had like to have coſt you a friend: and in writing I rebel againſt a deſpotic Doctor, whoſe tyranny the greateſt here obey, and from the ſame ſervile principles that moſt men obey tyrants,—the fear of death. He ſays I muſt think but ſlightly of any thing: now I am practiſing if I can think ſo of you, which if I can I ſhall be above regarding any thing in nature for the future: I may then look upon the ſun as a ſpangle, and the world as a hazel-nut. But in earneſt, you ſhould be pleaſed at my recovery, as it is a thing you'll get ſomething by. Heaven has renewed a leaſe to you of a ſincere ſervant: abundance of good wiſhes and grateful thanks will be added to thoſe you have had from me already; and Lady Mary will be ſpoken of with reſpect and tenderneſs ſome years longer.

This laſt winter has ſeen great revolutions in my little affairs. My ſickneſs was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you, inviting myſelf to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whoſe laſt precarious days of life I am now attending, with ſuch a ſolemn pious kind of officiouſneſs as a melancholy recluſe watches the laſt riſings and fallings of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit

within five miles of London. A letter from you ſooths me in my reveries; 'tis like a converſation with ſome ſpirit of the other world, the leaſt glimpſe of whoſe favour ſets one above all taſte of the things of this: indeed there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are—women. I can't expreſs how I long to ſee you face to face; if ever you come again, I ſhall never be able to behave with decency, I ſhall walk, look, and talk at ſuch a rate that all the town muſt know I have ſeen ſomething more than human. Come, for God's ſake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!

I extremely regret the loſs of your Oriental learning, for that letter I never had, but am heartily glad you kept a copy. I believe one of mine had the ſame fate, wherein I begged a Circaſſian woman of you, the likeſt yourſelf that could be purchaſed. Don't think to put me off with a little likeneſs of you; the girl which I hear you have ſome way or other procured, and are bringing with you, is not fit for me; —whatever you may fancy, Molineux is married, and I am paſt a boy.

I muſt tell you a ſtory of Molineux: the other day, at the prince's levee, he took Mr. Edgecomb aſide, and aſked, with an air of ſerioufneſs, What did the Czar of Muſcovy, when he diſinherited his ſon, do with his ſecretary? To which Edgecomb anſwered, He was ſewed up in a football, and toſt over the water.

Now

Now I am got among your acquaintance, you muſt be content to hear how often I talk of you with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Methuen, Mr. Congreve, D. of Buckingham, Sir R. Rich, Miſs Griffin, &c. I am almoſt angry to go into any body's company where I ever ſaw you; I partly enjoy and partly regret it. It is not without vexation that I roam on the Thames in a fine evening, or walk by moonlight in St. James's park: I can ſcarce allow any thing ſhould be calm, or any thing ſweet, without you. Give me leave at this diſtance to ſay, that I am ſomething ſo much between a philoſopher and a lover, that I am continually angry at fortune for letting me enjoy thoſe amuſements which I fancy you want; and I ſeldom receive any pleaſure, but it is got into my head, why has ſhe not a ſhare of it? This is really true; and yet you are not ſo prodigiouſly obliged to me neither, becauſe I wiſh almoſt every vanity that can delight them.

Our gallantry and gaiety have been great ſufferers by the rupture of the two courts here: ſcarce any ball, aſſembly, baſſet-table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone houſe in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton-Court: I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall.

How many hundred things have I to ſay to you, not ten of which, perhaps, I ſhall remember when

we

we meet. I have ſeen many fine things, many vile things, and many ridiculous things, all which are an amuſement to thoſe who can think: though one emulates the firſt ſort, it's hurt by the ſecond, and vext at the third. If one laughs at the world, they'll ſay he is proud; if one rails at it, they'll ſay he is ill-natured; and yet one or other of theſe one muſt do upon the whole. I am melancholy, which (to ſay truth) is all one gets by pleaſure themſelves; but I ſhould not tell you this, if I did not think you of opinion, that melancholy does me as little hurt as any man: and, after all, he muſt be a beaſt that can be melancholy with ſuch a fine woman as you to his friend. Adieu. Were I your guardian ſpirit, your happineſs would be my whole care; as I am a poor mortal, it is one of my moſt earneſt wiſhes.

Yours.

I beg you write to me ſoon; you are now come into the region of poſts, and under the care of ſecretaries, the whole ſucceſſion of whom are your ſervants, and give me more than penſions and places, when they give me your letters.

LETTER VIII.

Dear Madam,

'TIS not poſſible to expreſs the leaſt part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very ſincere it is. I exceſſively long to meet you, to ſay ſo much, ſo very much to you,—that I believe I ſhall ſay nothing. I have given orders to be ſent for the firſt minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's). I am fourſcore miles from London, a ſhort journey compared to that I ſo often thought at leaſt of undertaking, rather than die without ſeeing you again. Though the place I am in is ſuch as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay every body elſe there; and you'll be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your abſence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I ſhall therefore deſcribe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-ſeat.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription of a houſe that ſeems to be built before rules were in faſhion: the whole is ſo disjointed, and the parts ſo detached from each other, and yet ſo joining again one can't tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you'd imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty

twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and ſtood ſtill in amazement ever ſince. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed who ſhould ever think to get into this houſe the right way: one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall;—alas! nothing leſs;—you find yourſelf in a brewhouſe. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that 'tis the pigeon-houſe. On each ſide our porch are two chimnies, that wear their greens on the outſide, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the ſmoke out of the windows. Over the parlour-window hangs a ſloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouſe. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, ſo like that of the church juſt by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true ſteeple.

The great hall is high and ſpacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hoſpitality; ornamented with monſtrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a match-lock muſquet or two, which they ſay were uſed in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arched window, beautifully darkened with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs. There ſeems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glaſs, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the courſe of generations ſeldom free from cracks. One ſhining

pane

pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this ſingle piece, than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. Who can ſay after this that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo periſhable as human beauty or glory? for in another pane you ſee the memory of a knight preſerved, whoſe marble noſe is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, muſt not one ſigh to reflect, that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a ſtone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but t'other night that an owl flew in hither, and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up, (and down,) over a very high threſhold, into the parlour. It is furniſhed with hiſtorical tapeſtry, whoſe marginal fringes do confeſs the moiſture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about 'em. Theſe are carefully ſet at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard-ſeed in, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next

Next this parlour lies (as I ſaid before) the pigeon-houſe; by the ſide of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole called the chaplain's ſtudy. Then follow a brewhouſe, a little green-and-gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the ſervants' hall; and by the ſide of it, up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet, which has a lettice into the ſaid hall, that while ſhe ſaid her prayers, ſhe might caſt an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be diſtinguiſhed by particular names; among which I muſt not forget a chamber, that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which ſeems to have been either a bedſtead or a cyder-preſs.

Our beſt room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box: it has hangings of the fineſt work in the world, thoſe I mean which Arachne ſpins out of her own bowels: indeed the roof is ſo decayed, that after a favourable ſhower of rain, we may (with God's bleſſing) expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper ſtory has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this venerable manſion, for the very rats of this ancient ſeat are grey. Since theſe had not quitted it, we hope at leaſt this houſe may ſtand during the ſmall remainder of days theſe

poor

poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have ſtill a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never ſeen half what I have deſcribed, but for an old ſtarched grey-headed ſteward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we paſt from room to room, to relate ſeveral memoirs of the family, but his obſervations were particularly curious in the cellar: he ſhewed where ſtood the triple rows of buts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toaſts in the morning: he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hooped hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: "This (ſays he, with tears in his "eyes) was poor Sir Thomas, once maſter of the drink "I told you of: he had two ſons (poor young maſ-"ters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they "both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out "upon their own legs." He could not paſs by a broken bottle, without taking it up to ſhew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms, one above another; one of theſe was nailed up, and my guide whiſpered to me the occaſion of it. It ſeems, two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever ſince which, the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber.

The

The ghoſt of Lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk here; ſome prying maids of the family formerly reported that they ſaw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was huſhed up, and the ſervants forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the deſcription was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of a thing that muſt itſelf ſoon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, ſome part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old houſe the ſame gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and ſtudy, where no one who paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even any body that would viſit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have tranſlated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that ſees it will own I could not have choſen a fitter or more likely place to converſe with the dead. As ſoon as I return to the living, it ſhall be to converſe with the beſt of them. I hope therefore very ſpeedily to tell you in perſon how ſincerely and unalterably I am, Madam, Your, etc.*

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his moſt humble ſervant.

* It is remarkable, that this deſcription of an old manſion is the very ſame with that he ſent to the Duke of Buckingham, in anſwer to one the Duke had given him of Buckingham-houſe. See Letter XII. to the Duke of Buckingham.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

Madam, Cirenceſter, Sept. 15, 1721.

I WRITE this purely to confeſs myſelf ingenuouſly what I am, a beaſt; firſt, for writing to you without gilt paper; and ſecondly, for what I ſaid and did about your harpſichord. For which (and for many other natural reaſons) I am juſtly turned as a beaſt to graſs and parks. I deſerve no better pillow than a moſſy bank, for that head which could be guilty of ſo much thoughtleſſneſs, as to promiſe what was not in my power, without conſidering firſt whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuſe, had I told you I had the inſtrument under ſuch conditions; and I likewiſe ſimply thought I could obtain leave to lend it; which failing on the trial, I ſuffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity, partly from my over-forward deſire to have gratified you. The next thing I can do, is to intreat you, ſince you have not your harpſichord, that you would have that and the gallery together, for your concerts; which I ſincerely wiſh you could make uſe of, and which I take to be mine to lend, unleſs my mother knows ſome conditions againſt it, to Mr. Vernon.

I very much envy you your muſical company, which you have a ſort of obligation to believe, in

return to a man, who ſingly aſſerts your fine taſte that way, in contradiction to the whole world.

It muſt be ſure from that piece of merit (for I have no other that I know of toward you) that you can think of flattering me at an hundred miles diſtance, in the moſt affecting manner, by a mention of my trees and garden. What an honour is it to my great walk, that the fineſt woman in this world cannot ſtir from it? That walk extremely well anſwered the intent of its contriver, when it detained her there. But for this accident, how had I deſpiſed and totally forgot my own little *Colifichies*, in the daily views of the noble ſcenes, openings, and avenues, of this immenſe deſign at *Cirenceſter?* No words, nor painting, nor poetry, (not even your own,) can give the leaſt image proportionable to it. And my Lord Bathurſt bids me tell you, and the young Lady with you, that the deſcription would coſt me much more time than it would coſt you to come hither; which, if you have any regard, either for my pains or reputation, you will do to ſave me that trouble, as well as to take to yourſelf the glory of deſcribing it.

For lodging you need be under no manner of concern; for he invites thither every woman he ſees, and every man; thoſe of a more aërial or muſical nature, may lodge upon the trees with the birds; and thoſe of a more earthy or groſs temperature, with the beaſts of the fields upon the ground.

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Sunday.

INDEED, dear Madam, 'tis not poſſible to tell you, whether you give me every day I ſee you, more pleaſure or more reſpect. And, upon my word, whenever I ſee you after a day or two's abſence, it is in juſt ſuch a view as that you yeſterday had of your own writings. I find you ſtill better than I could imagine, and I think I was partial before, to your prejudice.

The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect paſſion of preferring your preſent face to your paſt. I know and thoroughly eſteem yourſelf of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleaſed with ſome fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I can't ſay what I would ſay of you now. Only ſtill give me cauſe to ſay you are good to me, and allow me as much of your perſon as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yeſterday, I find he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary to draw the face firſt, which he ſays can never be ſet right on the figure, if the drapery and poſture be finiſhed before. To give you as little trouble as poſſible, he propoſes to draw your face with crayons, and finiſh it up at your own houſe

in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to the canvas, ſo that you need not go to ſit at his houſe. This, I muſt obſerve, is a manner in which they ſeldom draw any but crowned heads; and I obſerve it with ſecret pride and pleaſure.

Be ſo kind as to tell me if you care he ſhould do this to-morrow at twelve. Though I am but aſſured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you beſt like: let every decorum you pleaſe, be obſerved. I ſhould be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I deſired any at the expence of your quiet, or conveniency, in any degree.

I have juſt received this Pamphlet, which may divert you. I am ſincerely

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Madam, Tueſday morning.

So natural as I find it is to me, to neglect every body elſe in your company, I am ſenſible I ought to do any thing that might pleaſe you; and I fancied, upon recollection, our writing the Letter you propoſed was of that nature. I therefore ſate down to my part of it laſt night, when I ſhould have gone out of town. Whether or no you will order me, in recompence,

compence, to ſee you again, I leave to you; for indeed I find I begin to behave myſelf worſe to you than to any other woman, as I value you more, and yet if I thought I ſhould not ſee you again, I would ſay ſome things here, which I could not to your perſon. For I would not have you die deceived in me, that is, go to Conſtantinople without knowing, that I am to ſome degree of extravagance, as well as with the utmoſt reaſon, Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

IF to live in the memory of others have any thing deſireable in it, 'tis what you poſſeſs with regard to me, in the higheſt ſenſe of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your converſations return to my thoughts, and every ſcene, place, or occaſion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to repreſent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wiſhes, but the very expreſſions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you? I cannot tell whether you have ſeen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I

have not ſaid in them half of what I deſigned to ſay; and you can have ſeen but a faint, ſlight, timorous Eſchantillon of what my ſpirit ſuggeſts, and my hand follows ſlowly, and imperfectly, indeed unjuſtly, becauſe diſcreetly and reſervedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correſpondence, but by merchant ſhips, I watched ever ſince for any that ſet out, and this is the firſt I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whoſe letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office; they have miſcarried, you have loſt nothing but ſuch words and wiſhes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of cauſing what I write for the future to be tranſcribed, and to ſend copies by more ways than one, that one at leaſt might have a chance to reach you. The letters themſelves would be artleſs and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to ſhew it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eye-ſight is grown ſo bad, that I have left off all correſpondence except with yourſelf; in which methinks I am like thoſe people who abandon and abſtract themſelves from all that are about them, (with whom they might have buſineſs and intercourſe,) to employ their addreſſes only to inviſible and diſtant beings, whoſe good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all.

If

If I hear from you, I look upon it as little leſs than a miracle, or extraordinary viſitation from another world; 'tis a ſort of dream of an agreeable thing, which ſubſiſts no more to me; but however it is ſuch a dream as exceeds moſt of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown ſo ſtupidly philoſophical as to have no thought about me that deſerves the name of warm or lively, but that which ſometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet ſee you again. Compaſſionate a poet, who has loſt all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Boſphorus and Helleſpont, not ſo much for the fine ſound of their names as to raiſe up images of Leander, who was drowned in croſſing the ſea to kiſs the hand of fair Hero. This were a deſtiny leſs to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a Spy. I confeſs ſuch a death would have been a great diſappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonſon will hardly venture to viſit you, after this news.

You tell me, the pleaſure of being nearer the Sun has a great effect upon your health and ſpirits. You have turned my affections ſo far Eaſtward, that I could almoſt be one of his worſhippers: for I think the Sun has more reaſon to be proud of raiſing your ſpirits, than of raiſing all the plants, and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion, a reaſonable man might gladly travel three or four thouſand

leagues, to ſee your nature, and your wit, in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the moſt perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the Sun in the other! If you do not now write and ſpeak the fineſt things imaginable, you muſt be content to be involved in the ſame imputation with the reſt of the Eaſt, and be concluded to have abandoned yourſelf to extreme effeminacy, lazineſs, and lewdneſs of life.

I make not the leaſt queſtion but you could give me great eclairciſſements upon many paſſages in Homer, ſince you have been enlightened by the ſame Sun that inſpired the father of Poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may ſee his images riſing more boldly about you, in the very ſcenes of his ſtory and action; you may lay the immortal work on ſome broken column of a Hero's ſepulchre; and read the fall of Troy in the ſhade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to viſit the tomb of ſo many Heroes, you have not the heart to paſs over that ſea where once a lover periſhed; you may at leaſt, at eaſe, in your own window, contemplate the fields of Aſia, in ſuch a dim and remote proſpect, as you have of Homer in my tranſlation.

I ſend you therefore with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the reſt, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already ſeen,

except

except the epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard, in which you will find one paſſage, that I cannot tell whether to wiſh you ſhould underſtand, or not.

For the news in London, I'll ſum it up in ſhort; we have Maſquerades at the Theatre in the Hay-market, of Mr. Heideker's inſtitution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not ſo numerous but that of my Lady Mohun ſtill makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumſtances, I ſuppoſe you'll have from Lady Rich or Miſs Griffith. The political ſtate is under great diviſions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory. The K. and P. continue two names, there is nothing like a coalition, but at the Maſquerade; however the Princeſs is a diſſenter from it, and has a very ſmall party in ſo unmodiſh a ſeparation.

The laſt I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expreſſions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one juſt before, which was ſent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleaſures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere ſtatues and pictures are not more cold to me, than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have ſent ſeveral, and wiſh I knew how many you have received. For

God's ſake, Madam, ſend to me as often as you can; in the dependance that there is no man breathing more conſtantly, or more anxiouſly mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little ſon is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleaſes you: for whatever that is, it will pleaſe me better than any thing elſe can do.

I am always yours.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

IF you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; might all your road be roſes and myrtles, and a thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough to make England leſs deſireable to you. I am glad, Madam, your native country uſes you ſo well as to juſtify your regret for it: it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was moſt agreeable in it ſhould be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleaſure in Italy, (if you took that way,) and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertain-

ment

ment and beautiful view would be doubly inſtructive when you talked of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea-coaſt, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you, if I liked Italy enough to reſide in it. But I believe, I ſhould be as uneaſy in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was ſo myſelf by thoſe of yours. And it is not impoſſible but I might run into Turkey in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of free men?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the ſuppoſition you go that courſe) and your exact time, I verily think I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you, next ſpring. I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

By what I have ſeen of Monſ. Rouſſeau's works, I ſhould envy you his converſation. But I am ſure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addiſon has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and muſt even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spencer, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well; I am in great health, and ſit up all night; a juſt reward for a fever I juſt come out of, that kept me in bed ſeven days.

How may I ſend a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

I might

I might be dead, or you in Yorkſhire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in Town; I have been ſick ever ſince I ſaw you laſt, and have now a ſwelled face, and very bad; nothing will do me ſo much good as the ſight of dear Lady Mary; when you come this way let me ſee you, for indeed I love you.

[We find by Letter xix to Dr. Atterbury, (p. 118 of this volume,) that the Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire would have engaged Mr. Pope to draw her huſband's character. But though he refuſed this office, yet in his Epiſtle, *on the Character of Women*, theſe lines,

> To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
> Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor *,

are ſuppoſed to mark her out in ſuch a manner as not to be miſtaken for another; and having ſaid of himſelf that *he held a lie in proſe and verſe to be the ſame:* All this together gave a handle to his enemies, ſince his death, to publiſh the following paper (intitled, *The Character of Katherine*, etc.) as written by him. On which account (in vindication of the deceaſed poet) we have ſubjoined to it a letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the hiſtory of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

W.

* Theſe two lines are in the character of Atoſſa, who was the Ducheſs of Marlborough, and not Buckingham.

THE CHARACTER OF KATHERINE, LATE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND NORMANBY.

BY THE LATE MR. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the Second, and of the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married firſt to James earl of Angleſey; and ſecondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby; with the former ſhe exerciſed the virtues of *patience* and ſuffering, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal virtues*. The man of fineſt ſenſe and ſharpeſt diſcernment, ſhe had the happineſs to pleaſe; and, in that found her only pleaſure. When he died, it ſeemed as if his ſpirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preſerve and watch over what he had left, *his only ſon*; in the care of whoſe health, the forming of whoſe mind, and the improvement of whoſe fortune, ſhe acted with the conduct and ſenſe of the father, ſoftened, but not over-

overcome, with the tenderneſs of the mother. Her underſtanding was ſuch as muſt have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modeſty of her ſex threw a veil over its luſtre, which nevertheleſs ſuppreſſed only the expreſſion, not the exertion of it; for her ſenſe was not ſuperior to her reſolution, which, when once ſhe was in the right, preſerved her from making it only a tranſition to the wrong, the frequent weakneſs even of the beſt women. She often followed wiſe counſel, but ſometimes went before it, always with ſucceſs. She was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit, which aſſiſted her to get the better of thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almoſt her whole life, at a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects, the loſs of all her children, the misfortunes of *relations and friends*, *public and private*, and the death of thoſe who were deareſt to her. Her heart was as compaſſionate as it was great: her affections warm even to ſolicitude: her friendſhip not violent or jealous, but rational and perſevering: her gratitude equal and conſtant to the living; to the dead boundleſs and heroical. What perſon ſoever ſhe found worthy of her eſteem, ſhe would not give up for any power on earth; and the greateſt on earth whom ſhe could not eſteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than decency. Her good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not meaſured

meaſured by the regard they profeſſed for her own deſert, but by her idea of theirs: and as there was no merit which ſhe was not able to imitate, there was none which ſhe could envy: therefore her converſation was as free from detraction as her opinions from prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. As her thoughts were her own, ſo were her words; and ſhe was as ſincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a ſafe companion; many were ſerved, none ever ſuffered by her acquaintance: inoffenſive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not ſtupid: but the moment her enemy ceaſed to be hurtful, ſhe could ceaſe to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but conſiſtent enemy: (though indeed, when forced to be ſo, the more a finiſhed one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and ſteady courſe, like juſtice, than in quick and paſſionate onſets, like revenge. As for thoſe of whom ſhe only thought ill, ſhe conſidered them not ſo much as once to wiſh them ill; of ſuch, her contempt was great enough to put a ſtop to all other paſſions that could hurt them. Her love and averſion, her gratitude and reſentment, her eſteem and neglect, were equally open and ſtrong, and alterable only from the alteration of the perſons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be inſincere, and her heart too honeſt to ſtand in need of it; ſo that ſhe never found cauſe to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There re-

mains only to ſpeak of her perſon, which was moſt amiably majeſtic; the niceſt eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face or proportion of her body: it was ſuch, as pleaſed wherever ſhe had a deſire it ſhould; yet ſhe never envied that of any other, which might better pleaſe in general: in the ſame manner, as being content that her merits were eſteemed where ſhe deſired they ſhould, ſhe never depreciated thoſe of any other that were eſteemed or preferred elſewhere. For ſhe aimed not at a general love or a general eſteem, where ſhe was not known; it was enough to be poſſeſſed of both wherever ſhe was. Having lived to the age of ſixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving buſineſs, but diſcharging it fully whereſoever duty or friendſhip engaged her in it; not following greatneſs, but not declining to pay reſpect, as far as was due from independency and diſintereſt; having honourably abſolved all the parts of life, ſhe forſook this world, where ſhe had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone ſuch acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March 1742-3[a].

[a] "The above character was written by Mr. Pope ſome years "before her Grace's death." So the printed edition. W.

MR.

MR. POPE TO JAMES MOYSER, OF BEVERLEY, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Bath, July 11, 1743.

I AM always glad to hear of you, and where I can I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's [b] is truly melancholy, added to the circumſtance of his being detained (I fear without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt deſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his friends about him. The public news [c] indeed gives every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay as a general joy to all nations where bloodſhed and miſery muſt have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevailed.

I come now to anſwer your friend's queſtion. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old [d] Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have ſeen it in MS. nor have I ever ſeen the pedigree he mentions, otherwiſe than after the Ducheſs had printed it with the will, and ſent one to me, as, I ſuppoſe, ſhe did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it ſhould be reported I writ

[b] Mr. Bethel. [c] The victory at Dettingen. W.

[d] He ſays *the old Duke*, becauſe he wrote a very fine epitaph for the ſon. W.

I writ that character, after a ſtory which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourſelf only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herſelf (with what help, I know not); but ſhe ſhewed it me in her blots, and preſſed me, by all the adjurations of friendſhip, to give her my ſincere opinion of it. I acted honeſtly and did ſo. She ſeemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to ſelect out of it juſt as much as I judged might ſtand, and return her the copy. I did ſo. Immediately ſhe picked a quarrel with me, and we never ſaw each other in five or ſix years. In the mean time, ſhe ſhewed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a compoſition of my own, in her praiſe. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I ſincerely wiſh you, and your whole family, (whoſe welfare is ſo cloſely connected,) the beſt health and trueſt happineſs; and am (as is alſo the maſter of this place)

Your, etc.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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